

97-84154-12

U.S. War Finance Division

War savings programs for  
schools at war

Washington

[1943]

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Box 654	U. S. Treasury dept. War finance division.
War savings programs for schools at war. Tested plays, program ideas, a handbook of dramatic material. Prepared by Education section, War finance division, U. S. Treasury department. Washington, D. C. [1943]	
95, (1) p. 23 <sup>cm</sup> .	
Includes bibliographies.	
1. Children's plays.	1. Title.
Library of Congress	PN6120.H5U54
	44-40454
(4)	ONLY ED 271.8952

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TECHNICAL MICROFORM DATA

FILM SIZE: 35mm

REDUCTION RATIO: 11:1

IMAGE PLACEMENT: IA (IIA) IB IIB

DATE FILMED: 8/6/97

INITIALS: TLM

TRACKING # :

26416

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# WAR SAVINGS Programs

FOR SCHOOLS AT WAR

*Tested  
Plays*



*Program  
Ideas*

A Handbook of Dramatic Material

★ ★ ★

PREPARED BY EDUCATION SECTION, WAR FINANCE DIVISION,

U. S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

# WAR SAVINGS PROGRAMS for SCHOOLS-AT-WAR

## A Handbook of Dramatic Material

### CONTENTS

	Page
LET'S HAVE A WAR SAVINGS PROGRAM!.....	3
What This Handbook Is About.....	3
What Makes a Good War Savings Program?.....	4
Points a Good War Savings Program Should Make.....	6
Selling War Stamps and Bonds for Admission.....	6
WHERE TO FIND PUBLISHED PROGRAM MATERIAL.....	8
Government Material.....	8
Private Material.....	14
School Theatre Publications.....	22
A Few Books on Play Production.....	23
Play Publishers.....	24
SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITING YOUR OWN SCRIPTS.....	25
Write Your Own.....	25
How to Write a Script.....	25
A Few General Suggestions.....	29
Some Ideas for Short Plays.....	31
Where to Find Material.....	33
Some Suitable Sources.....	34
A Few Books on Playwriting.....	37
SIX TESTED WAR SAVINGS PLAYS.....	38
Message from Bataan.....	38
Something Really Super.....	53
We Will Do Our Share.....	61
Citizens of Tomorrow.....	70
Letter to Private Smith.....	77
Vacation: Limited.....	86

## Let's Have a War Savings Program!

I know that the United States can count on its 30,000,000 young Americans to whom an unshackled future is particularly important, to enlist 100 percent in our fight for freedom—by buying War Savings Stamps and Bonds whenever they can and by doing every other thing that a boy or girl can do to speed the day of Victory.

HENRY MORGENTHAU, Jr.

### WHAT THIS HANDBOOK IS ABOUT

Whenever young Americans come together—in classrooms and assembly halls, at rallies and athletic events, for meetings, plays, pageants, parades, concerts, song festivals, quiz contests, radio broadcasts—at any gathering of eager and enthusiastic young people, there is a great opportunity for the kind of program that will touch off that youthful eagerness and enthusiasm, for a program which will give every young citizen the lift that comes from feeling his own activity a part of the larger whole, a program which will fill each one of them with a surge of mingled pride and determination that will put him in a fighting mood, ready to redouble his contribution to the winning of the war.

And whenever such a spirit is kindled, whatever the immediate occasion may be; that is the time for a War Savings appeal. There is the place to stress the value and the urgent necessity for buying more War Bonds and Stamps. That is the moment to point out that this home front contribution, in which everyone can participate at any time, is basic in the fight for victory.

This handbook has been prepared in answer to repeated requests for War Savings program material and suggestions. It is precisely what the title page says it is: a *handbook*, a guide, a chart of program ideas for school use. It is intended mainly as a stimulus for your own ideas—not, as a substitute for them. It tries to answer some of your questions; it probably won't answer all of them.

You will notice that the handbook begins with a general discussion of War Savings programs—what makes a good program, what points should be covered, what can be done about using War Bonds and Stamps for admission. Following this opening section, there are suggestions as to where suitable published program material may be found. For those of you who cannot find the material you need, or for those of you who would rather build your own material anyhow, there is a section of suggestions for writing your own programs. Finally, six tested War Savings plays for possible use or study are included.

This handbook, then, is only a beginning. How successful you are in devising and presenting suitable War Savings programs in your own school depends not only on how well you carry out the ideas expressed here—but also on how many of your own ideas you can add. It's up to you!

#### WHAT MAKES A GOOD WAR SAVINGS PROGRAM?

A successful War Savings program is one which moves its audience. The program may be devoted entirely and directly to War Savings; it may, on the other hand, be of a general patriotic nature—winding up with some rousing songs or music, and a short War Savings message; or it may not mention War Bonds at all but deal instead with some over-all American or United Nations theme. The program may consist of a full-length play or a short playlet; nothing can better rouse the emotions of an assembled audience than an effective play or pageant. Or it may be a motion-picture or slide-film showing, or group singing, a concert, speeches, a panel discussion, a debate, a mock-broadcast, a quiz program, or a patriotic rally or meeting of some kind.

Sometimes it isn't too easy to bring a large audience together for debates or group discussions unless a little inventiveness and showmanship are used. A "quiz contest", for example, may lend interest to a program that otherwise would attract little attention or enthusiasm. (The popularity of radio's "Information Please", "Quiz Kids", "Battle of the Sexes", etc. illustrates the interest we take in contests of this type.) Students may challenge teachers or parents to "quiz sessions", student organizations may hold contests with community groups, classes and grades may compete against each other. Quiz contests, particularly those which make use of good-natured rivalry between various school groups, or between boy and girl students, make very effective War Savings programs—and, in addition, serve as springboards for open discussion of other important war topics.

But whatever the nature of the program, unless each member of the audience is left with the feeling: "I haven't been doing nearly as much as I could" and the determination: "I'm going out *right now*—and *do more*", the program has not been as successful as it might have been. Entertainment in itself is not enough; instruction or education is not enough. The job of a really effective program is to sell—on the spot, or very soon afterward—more Stamps and Bonds.

If the first requirement of a good War Savings program is that it should move its audience, the second requirement is that the program should reach the audience it deserves. A good program deserves a large audience. Always keep in mind that a good program which has a large audience is more effective. A good dramatic sketch developed in the classroom, for example, will be doing a better job if it can be shown to the whole school. A school quiz program will reach a larger audience if it is presented for the entire community, or is given a radio broadcast over one of the local radio stations. Additional coverage in school and community newspapers will make that audience even larger.

One further requirement for a good War Savings program is that it furnish an opportunity for *immediate* action on the part of the audience. Members of the audience will appreciate the opportunity to act *at once* on the good resolutions to which the program may have inspired them.

Programs which reach parents and other members of the community—plays, concerts, sings, rallies, athletic events, exhibits, etc.—should be particularly planned to include an opportunity to buy Stamps and Bonds on the premises. An attractively decorated War Bond booth, located in a prominent place, is a decided advantage. Carefully selected and mounted posters, as well as exhibits of various kinds, also help.

Similar arrangements could be made in the case of programs intended for school audiences—the arrangement to fit in with the school's own regular procedures for handling sales. Many schools, for instance, sell Stamps one day each week and remind students the day before to bring their money. A good classroom or assembly program serves as an excellent reminder. Another good plan is to present the program on the day of sale, and just before Stamps are to be sold.

Stamps and Bonds can be sold at the beginning of the program, during the program, or at the conclusion of the program—sometimes at both beginning and end. Pledges may be circulated during intermissions or as the audience is leaving. An "exit charge" is sometimes extremely effective.

After the last burst of applause, a speaker may rise or jump to the platform (for added effectiveness let him be a particularly sympathetic member of the cast) and make some such appeal as this (as, for instance, after the performance of MESSAGE FROM BATAAN):

"Just one moment, ladies and gentlemen. We all know that we have been applauding not only these actors and the others who were responsible for tonight's entertainment, but also all of those boys who fought in Bataan and those who are now fighting all over the world to keep America free. The actors have heard our applause. But let's also send that applause to the men overseas, send it to them in a form which will help to bring them back sooner. Let's turn every handlap into a War Savings Stamp to send bullets and bandages, tanks and planes to the fighting fronts. Let's make that applause echo as far as Berlin and Tokyo.

"In the back of the hall the students wearing armbands are ready to supply you with War Stamps or Bond order forms. How many of you will buy at least one Stamp on your way out? May we have a show of hands? . . . That's fine. That will certainly be the applause heard 'round the world. And be sure to read (the school or community newspaper) to learn just how much tonight's applause will mean to the boys in the service. . . . Now let's have another round of applause for tonight's War Bond performance."

#### POINTS A GOOD WAR SAVINGS PROGRAM SHOULD MAKE

For top-notch effectiveness, a good War Savings program will not only arouse the emotions of its audience, not only reach the audience it deserves, not only offer an opportunity for immediate action—but it will also include (directly through the main portion of the program, or indirectly through various supplementary approaches) as much material as possible based on the following three appeals:

1. *An appeal to patriotism.* The security of our nation depends upon the faithfulness with which we respond to our Government's request that we put as much money as we can into War Bonds. It is not only our patriotic duty but our American privilege to buy our share.

2. *An appeal to our desire to win the war and also win the peace.*

- a. "Bonds Buy Bombers." Money invested *right now* in War Bonds buys planes, ships, tanks, and guns—weapons that will help speed victory over our enemies.
- b. "Bonds Keep Prices Down." Money put into Bonds and Stamps *right now* will help keep prices down—prices of food, clothing, and rent—as well as the prices of weapons. Everyone wants to be Uncle Sam's partner, and not his competitor.
- c. "Bonds Will Help Win the Peace." *After the war*, the money Americans have invested in War Bonds will keep our economy on an even keel, help to prevent a post-war depression—while we convert from war production to production for peace.

3. *An appeal to self-interest.* Money invested in War Stamps and Bonds is lent rather than *given* to our Government. And Bonds pay excellent interest rates. For every 3 dollars invested, 4 dollars will be returned at maturity.

#### SELLING WAR STAMPS AND BONDS FOR ADMISSION

For almost any program, admission could be made to depend on the purchase of a Stamp or Bond to be retained by the purchaser. Your school might develop the practice of encouraging the purchase of a 25-cent Stamp for admission to any school-wide event, including weekly assembly programs. If a small cash admission is necessary to cover expenses for a particular program, patrons can perhaps be asked to buy a 10-cent Stamp and pay 15 cents in cash.

To determine whether a Federal tax should be charged, simply remember that Stamps are the same as cash. If the purchaser keeps the Stamp, then he has not actually paid anything for admission, and no tax need be charged. But if some patrons pay cash, while others merely buy a Stamp, then all must be charged the same amount of tax as is collected from those who pay in cash. If, on the other hand, the purchaser must present the Stamp to the school or other sponsoring organization, then a tax must be paid just as if payment had been in cash instead of by Stamp.

"War Bond Premieres"—especially for such activities as the Senior Class play or the spring musical production—should not be neglected as a possibility. Give out opening night tickets in exchange for War Bond purchases (made within a given period of time or at certain designated places); the location of the seats might depend upon the size of the Bond purchased. In addition, souvenir programs, copies of the play being presented, and interesting properties may be auctioned off to the highest bidder of Bonds. The Harrisburg (Penn.) Community Theatre last spring raised over a million dollars with a "War Bond Premiere" of a Kaufman and Hart comedy.

Many schools are already following the example set by the Texas Music Education Association and the Texas State Department of Education in sponsoring "Victory Concerts." Admission is free, but each listener must buy a Stamp or Bond. One such concert in East Providence, Rhode Island, resulted in the sale of \$15,000 worth of War Bonds and Stamps. A "Bond-bardment Day" concert in West Salem, Wisconsin, succeeded in raising a sum of money that amounted to a per capita investment of over \$6. Texas concerts have already brought in sales of nearly 15 million dollars in Stamps and Bonds.

The Education Section would be very glad to learn of any special or interesting War Savings programs presented by high schools or by public schools. Drama groups sending in detailed information about especially effective War Savings events (including, if possible, a copy of the script used) may be awarded a Treasury Certificate of Distinguished Service.

## Where to Find Published Program Material

During the past 2 years, several government agencies and many private publishers have published program material for use by school and community groups.

### GOVERNMENT MATERIAL

The War Finance Division of the Treasury Department has prepared a number of plays, pageants, radio scripts, and other program material on War Savings themes, all of which may be secured through the Education Section of the War Finance Division. Other Government agencies have, from time to time, used radio or stage scripts as a part of their information programs. These include such agencies as the Office of Civilian Defense, the Office of War Information, the Office of Education, the Office of Price Administration, the War Production Board, and the Department of Agriculture. Almost every Government agency has used radio scripts at some time or other.

(When requests for material are made to Government agencies, it should be realized that most of their scripts are intended for a specific occasion or purpose, and are distributed over a limited period of time. Some of the agencies may in the meantime have dropped their script program while others may have adopted such a program. Most Government scripts having long-term relevance are listed here.)

#### TREASURY DEPARTMENT

The Education Section of the War Finance Division offers in this handbook six plays on War Savings themes of special interest to schools. (This is the second edition of the handbook. Future editions may eliminate some of the plays included here and add others.)

"Message From Bataan," "Something Really Super," "Letter to Private Smith," and "Vacation: Limited" are plays especially suitable for production in Junior and Senior High Schools. "We Will Do Our Share" and "Citizens of Tomorrow" are plays that can be used effectively in Grades 4 to 8.

Other program material which may be secured by writing to the Education Section includes:

*Plays (In mimeographed form)*

A LETTER FROM BOB. (4 boys, 5 girls.) An American family learns that it can help on the home front.

CHILDREN AT WAR. (Flexible cast.) A short and extremely simple pageant about America at war. For grade schools.

FOR THE DURATION. (4 boys, 2 girls.) How an American boy discovers that buying War Bonds is the best way in which to spend his money. (Included in previous edition of this handbook.)

THE MAGIC BOND. (Flexible cast.) A short fantasy for children from 9 to 12 years old.

MOTHER GOOSE'S CHILDREN TAKE A HOLIDAY. (4 boys, 5 girls.) A short verse play for children of 6 to 8 years of age.

STAR FOR A DAY. (4 boys, 8 girls, extras.) A high school Bond rally almost gets into trouble because the Hollywood guest star doesn't appear. (Included in previous edition of this handbook.) Jr. High School.

THRIFT. (10 boys, 11 girls.) A modern morality play on the subject of thrift. (First published in 1917!) Ages 8-12.

THE SQUANDERBUGS' CHRISTMAS CAROL. (2 boys, 1 girl, plus 3 or more costumed squanderbugs of indeterminable sex.) A Christmas play for ages 8 to 12.

YOU CAN COUNT ON US. (15 boys, 3 girls.) While not all young people may join the armed forces, they may all help to win the war by buying War Bonds and Stamps. (Included in previous edition of this handbook.) High School.

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WAR BOND PLAYS AND OTHER DRAMATIC MATERIAL FOR USE IN CONNECTION WITH WAR FINANCE PROMOTION. A new booklet, published by the Women's Section of the War Finance Division. Includes (together with short sketches, pageants, etc.) the following plays:

AMERICAN CURIOSITIES. (1 boy, 2 girls, extras.) What might happen if we lose this war.

NOW IS THE TIME. (3 boys, 1 girl.) A naturalized American from Poland feels that no sacrifice is too great to insure America's freedom.

IF YOU WERE AN OSTRICH. (4 boys, 5 girls.) A radio play, giving brief glimpses into the life of an average American from babyhood through adolescence and parenthood.

UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEWS. (3 boys, 1 girl.) A radio play about a troubled soldier who dreams that he is imprisoned by the Japanese because people at home aren't sufficiently interested in supporting the war. He wakes up to find out that his dream is not true.

YOU WILL REMEMBER THIS. (3 boys, 3 girls.) A radio script in which a soldier explains what we are fighting for.

The above five plays are the prize-winning manuscripts in the Treasury's recent college playwriting contest. Two are for stage use, and three for radio. Advanced high school groups, or groups working in cooperation with community theatres, may find production of these scripts very possible.

The following eight plays, available in mimeographed form, were prepared primarily for production by Women's Clubs:

BARGAINS IN BONDS. (4 girls.) A small-town storekeeper urges her customers to put their money into Bonds instead of new furniture.

CRY UNCLE. (4 girls.) Two girls are made to understand the logic of sacrificing luxuries for Bonds.

DAY'S WORK FOR AMERICA. (3 girls.) The story of a Norwegian domestic who shows real patriotism toward her adopted country.

FATHER WINS THE PEACE. (2 boys, 3 girls.) A father who doesn't see why he should buy War Bonds is converted into an enthusiastic purchaser.

MAID'S DAY IN OR LITTLE THINGS COUNT. (4 girls.) A maid teaches her mistress a lesson in thrifty housecleaning and in patriotism. The song, It's the Little Things that Count, is featured.

MOTHER BUYS A BOND. (2 boys, 3 girls.) Points out clearly how hoarding and unnecessary spending lead to inflation.

NEW RECRUIT. (3 girls.) A young girl's awakening to the realities of war and the necessity for everyone's cooperation.

ONLY TEN PERCENT. (4 girls.) A spoiled vain woman who resents "sacrificing" for the war changes her mind when she hears the story of a Polish refugee.

#### Pageants

FOREIGN ORIGIN PAGEANT. (Flexible cast.) A mimeographed outline for an Americans-All War Savings Bond Rally.

SHARING AMERICA. (Flexible cast.) A War Savings musical pageant. With narrator's script, suggested songs for chorus and audience.

THANKS FOR AMERICA. (Flexible cast.) Suggested community Thanksgiving program in prose and song.

VOLUNTEERS FOR VICTORY. (Flexible cast.) A Girl Scout pageant contrasting the sacrifices which were made to start the Girl Scout movement with the sacrifices and tasks which lie ahead for Americans everywhere if we are to achieve victory.

If you decide to do a pageant, make sure that you bring it to the attention of the rest of the community and make outside attendance possible. Schools, churches, theatres, and community auditoriums are possible indoor settings for pageants. For outdoor events, football fields, ball parks, stadiums, parks, and all other areas which provide seating space around a platform or open space will be suitable.

#### Parades

If you are considering having a parade, some useful suggestions may be found in the SCHOOLS AT WAR PARADE AND CEREMONY MANUAL. This was prepared especially to help in the production of a parade and ceremony to inaugurate the

Schools at War program during American Education Week, 1942; but its suggestions apply equally well to any parade.

#### Radio Scripts

Radio scripts are valuable for actual broadcast use, for use within a school's own public address hook-up, or for "mock broadcasts" on assembly or classroom programs. The following scripts are now available on request from the Education Section:

A PLEDGE TO AMERICA. (6 boys, 3 girls, extras.) A 15-minute script dealing with youth's role in the war.

THERE ARE NO LITTLE THINGS. (4 boys, 5 girls.) A half-hour script which serves as an excellent lesson on how to sacrifice on the home front. Production notes are included.

WAR SAVINGS RADIO SCRIPTS FOR SCHOOLS AT WAR. A 25-page mimeographed bulletin which includes five short scripts on War Savings, worked out and presented by Cleveland schools, together with suggestions for writing and producing scripts.

(Three other radio scripts, IF YOU WERE AN OSTRICH, UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEWS, and YOU WILL REMEMBER THIS, are listed on p. 9)

#### Motion Pictures and Slide Films

AMERICA CAN GIVE IT. (40 minutes.) A sound film showing why the average American boy is the luckiest kid in the world. Walter Huston, Quentin Reynolds, and Lowell Thomas act as commentators.

Order from General Motors Corporation. Use following order form and send copy to R. W. Coyne, Field Director, War Finance Division, Treasury Department, Washington Building, Washington, D. C.:

General Motors Corp., Dept. of Public Relations,  
1775 Broadway,  
New York City.

Please send me your film, AMERICA CAN GIVE IT, free of rental charge. I agree to pay transportation costs.

Size: 16-mm. \_\_\_\_\_ 35-mm. \_\_\_\_\_

To be shown to \_\_\_\_\_

Estimated size audience \_\_\_\_\_ Adults \_\_\_\_\_ Children \_\_\_\_\_ Mixed \_\_\_\_\_

Choice of dates: First \_\_\_\_\_ Second \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT

BONDS AT WAR. (10 minutes.) 16-mm. sound film showing what War Bonds buy. Obtainable through your State War Finance Committee headquarters, or through Modern Talking Pictures, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.



**FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF.** (15 minutes.) A 35-mm. sound and slide film showing why it is important that those on the home front sacrifice their comforts to meet the needs of service men. Order from your local Coca-Cola office, or from your State War Finance Committee headquarters.

**THE FREE AMERICAN WAY.** (10 minutes.) A 35-mm. slide film, recently produced and distributed by the Coca-Cola Company as an aid to the War Savings program. Your local Coca-Cola bottling firm will be glad to arrange a showing of this slide film in your school.

**THE STORY OF BILLY DOLLAR.** (15 minutes.) A 35-mm. slide film with accompanying narrative, suitable for elementary grades. Available through your State War Finance Committee headquarters.

#### Music

Helpful ideas on how to use music on War Bond programs are to be found in two "kits" prepared jointly by the Education Section and the Music Educators National Conference. These two "kits", listed below, may be obtained on request from the Education Section, or from the Music Educators National Conference, 64 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

**MUSIC EDUCATORS IN THE SCHOOLS AT WAR PROGRAM.** A mimeographed bulletin giving instructions for a song-writing project, and for a school or community Victory Sing.

**NEW SONGS FOR SCHOOLS AT WAR.** A 16-page bulletin containing new War Savings songs to familiar tunes, as well as several new songs.

(If you are interested in musical programs, write to the Music Educators National Conference at the address given above for information about their complete Program for Music Education in Wartime. The National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York, also has a number of publications dealing with music and the war.)

**VICTORY CONCERTS IN THE WAR SAVINGS PROGRAM.** A handbook of suggestions for musical programs. Includes a bibliography of patriotic songs. (Mimeo.)

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(Note: For posters, pamphlets, exhibit material, etc., write to the Education Section, War Finance Division, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., or to your State War Finance Committee.)

#### OTHER GOVERNMENT AGENCIES

**AN AMERICAN'S PROGRESS.** By Robert T. Colwell and Russell Crouse. (Flexible cast.) An allegorical pageant based on the need for understanding and cooperation among the United Nations. (Order from the Educational Radio Script

and Transcription Exchange, U. S. Office of Education, Washington, D. C. (Mimeo.)

**CLARABELLE DEFENDS AMERICA.** By Carl A. Buss. (1 boy, 1 girl.) A playlet prepared by the American Theatre Wing. (Educational Radio Script and Transcription Exchange.) (Mimeo.)

**THE COMMUNICATION ARTS AND THE VICTORY CORPS.** U. S. Office of Education. 1943. Will be on sale at the Office of the Superintendent of Documents. Price to be announced. Printed bulletin giving specific suggestions for wartime activities for classes in speech, art, drama, music, journalism, radio, and English.

**FLAG DAY PAGEANT.** By Maxwell Anderson. (Flexible cast.) A flag ceremony for Flag Day. Many schools have found it to be suitable, with slight changes, for other patriotic holidays. (Educational Radio Script and Transcription Exchange.) (Mimeo.)

**IT'S UP TO YOU.** By Arthur Arent; with music by Earl Robinson. (Flexible cast.) A "living newspaper" dealing with the problem of food. Included are scenes and songs on rationing, black markets, Lend-Lease, etc. Since slides and film sequences make up part of the production, both slide and film projectors are necessary. There are two versions of the script: a short version (40 minutes) for small groups, and a regular full-length script for more advanced organizations. (Send requests for detailed information and copies of the script to Ben James, Food Distribution Administration, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.) (Mimeo.)

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The Educational Radio Script and Transcription Exchange, which has recently taken over many of the scripts formerly distributed by the Office of Civilian Defense, carries the largest selection of government stage and radio scripts and transcriptions. These are available to anyone free of charge through a circulating library service maintained by the Office of Education. The Exchange now has available five radio scripts on War Savings:

**IT'S EVERYBODY'S WAR.** (9 boys, 3 girls.) A 30-minute script dealing with the importance of everybody pitching in to help win the war.

**THE STORY OF LIDICE.** (7 boys, 3 girls.) A 30-minute script showing the brutality of our enemies. What buying War Bonds and Stamps will help to prevent.

**THE STORY OF MICHAEL DAY.** (8 boys, 3 girls.) A 30-minute script telling the story of an American soldier who died because there weren't enough guns and planes.

**TWO BITS.** (5 boys.) A 15-minute script concerning a skeptic who takes a journey to find out where the equipment that our War Bond money buys really goes.

**THE UNITED NATIONS.** (9 boys, 3 girls.) A 30-minute script describing the brave resistance of the people of the United Nations. Ends with a plea for Americans to buy War Stamps and Bonds.

If you are interested in radio material on other war topics, write to the Exchange for its two catalogues:

**RADIO SCRIPTS FOR VICTORY.** A bibliography of available radio scripts under such titles as: *The Democratic Way*, *Latin America*, *The Consumer*, *The Military Services*, etc. Directions for borrowing scripts are included. (Contains a few stage script titles as well.)

**RADIO TRANSCRIPTIONS FOR VICTORY.** A bibliography of transcriptions on most of the subjects covered in the list above. The Exchange sends out packets of material on various topics to schools.

#### PRIVATE MATERIAL

A wide variety of patriotic program material—one-act and full-length plays, pageants, readings, orations, declamations, dialogues, songs, etc., may be secured from private play publishers. (Names and addresses are included at the end of this section.) We have listed only a fraction of the many titles available. Please keep in mind that plays here listed under one publisher may, in a great many cases, be secured from several other publishers as well. All play publishers are very glad to send their catalogues free of charge.

(Note: Program material from private sources generally involves a charge for the script, and sometimes a royalty fee. The question of royalties is a rather complicated one and should, in all cases, be checked with the publisher before production. Rates on the same play may vary for different groups and on various occasions. Sometimes one or two performances may be given royalty-free, with additional presentations subject to fees. Even when no fee is charged for a performance of a copyright play, the publisher usually requires that the producing group purchase enough copies to supply the various characters. Copying a play, in whole or in part, by any method is a violation of the copyright.)

#### MATERIAL ON WAR SAVINGS

Several private publishers have issued plays on War Savings themes. Two are included in S. Emerson Golden's *PLAYS OF PATRIOTISM FOR YOUNG AMERICANS*. Four War Savings scripts are reprinted in *PATRIOTIC PLAYS AND PROGRAMS FOR ALL GRADES*, and at least five more are in *SEVENTEEN VICTORY PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE* by Bertha Dorothy Brown. (All three of these books are listed in this Section.) Some of the others include:

**ALL OUT FOR UNCLE SAM.** By Effa E. Preston. Denison. 7 pp. 1942. 35¢. (Flexible cast.) A play-pageant with at least 20 to 50 speaking parts, for grades 4-6. (Mimeo.)

**LINE-UP FOR VICTORY.** By A. S. Burack. Baker. 12 pp. 1942. 35¢. (4 boys, 2 girls.) Especially suitable for Junior High Schools.

**WILDCAT WILLIE BUYS A BOND.** By Anne Coulter Martens. Dramatic Pub. Co.

26 pp. 1942. 35¢. (3 boys, 5 girls.) A comedy of the "Henry Aldrich" variety.

#### GENERAL MATERIAL

##### Catalogues and Lists

**AMERICAN PATRIOTIC AND HISTORICAL PLAYS.** Dramatists Play Service. 2 pp. 1942. A listing of full-length and one-act plays of a timely and appropriate character, suitable for production by groups at various levels. Includes both royalty and non-royalty material. (Mimeo.) Free.

**A PARADE OF PATRIOTIC PLAYS AND PROGRAM MATERIAL.** Baker. 24 pp. 1942. An up-to-the-minute catalogue of plays and entertainments. Each title listed has the combined approval of several persons representing different phases of dramatic and recreational activity. Includes some plays of other publishers. Free.

**A WARTIME PLAY LIST FOR HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATICS DIRECTORS.** The National Thespian Dramatic Honor Society for High Schools. 1943. Compiled by a board of outstanding teachers and directors, this list is probably the most complete and valuable one in existence. Sent free on receipt of a large (No. 10) envelope, self-addressed, and carrying six cents postage.

**PLAYS AND PAGEANTS BASED ON INCIDENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY, CITIZENSHIP, AND OTHER PATRIOTIC THEMES.** National Recreation Association. 1942. 5¢. A recent bibliography of patriotic material.

**VICTORY PLAYS.** Dramatic Pub. Co. 8 pp. 1942. Royalty and nonroyalty material on specific war subjects and general patriotic themes. Includes plays of most publishers. (Mimeo.) Free.

##### Collections

**AMERICAN PATRIOTIC PLAYS.** By A. P. Sanford. Dodd, Mead. 321 pp. 1937. \$2.00. Plays about historical incidents in the making of America. Most of them short and easily produced. Small royalty fees.

**DEMOCRACY DAYS.** Edited by Hilah C. Paulmier and Robert Haven Schauffler. Dodd, Mead. 375 pp. 1942. \$2.50. An anthology of the best prose and verse on democracy, tolerance, liberty. Plays, poems, essays, speeches, etc.

**THE FREE COMPANY PRESENTS.** Edited by James Boyd. Dodd, Mead. 312 pp. 1941. \$2.00. "A collection of plays about the meaning of America." Written by some of our most prominent dramatic writers. Many of these short plays may be produced simply—either on the stage or in the form of radio broadcasts.

**100 NON-ROYALTY ONE-ACT PLAYS.** Compiled by William Kozlenko. Greenberg. 802 pp. 1940. \$4.25. Includes a number of patriotic plays for various occasions.

**100 NON-ROYALTY RADIO PLAYS.** Compiled by William Kozlenko. Greenberg. 683 pp. 1940. \$4.25. Includes several scripts on various topical subjects.

**PAN AMERICAN DAY.** Edited by Hilah C. Paulmier and Robert Haven Schauffler.

- Dodd, Mead. 327 pp. 1943. \$2.50. *A collection of radio and stage material on Pan-American themes. Most of it suitable for assembly programs, etc.*
- PATRIOTIC PLAYS AND PROGRAMS FOR ALL GRADES. Edited by Florence Hale. Educational Pub. Corp. 80 pp. 1942. 75¢. *Plays, recitations, songs, etc., indexed according to subject, characters, occasion, for elementary grades. (Reprinted from the magazine "The Grade Teacher.")*
- PLAYING FAIR. By Fanny Venable Cannon. E. P. Dutton. 112 pp. 1940. \$1.00. *Four short plays on the subject of tolerance of minority groups. These plays are intended for use in high schools. They may be produced as simply or as elaborately as conditions permit.*
- PLAYS FOR AMERICANS. By Arch Oboler. Farrar and Rinehart. 271 pp. 1942. \$2.50. *Thirteen non-royalty radio plays on war subjects and issues, written by one of the most skillful of radio dramatists. For the duration, the plays may be performed without payment of fee on any sustaining; that is, non-commercially sponsored radio program.*
- PLAYS FOR GREAT OCCASIONS. By Isaac Goldberg (Rufus Lears). William Penn Publishing Corporation. 171 pp. 1941. \$1.00. (Paper bound, 50¢.) *Ten short one-act plays on our national holidays. Suitable for primary and high school groups.*
- PLAYS OF AMERICA'S ACHIEVEMENTS. By Samuel S. Ullman. Dodd, Mead. 251 pp. 1940. \$2.00. *Short serious plays about some of the great accomplishments in American history. Includes subjects in the fields of education, invention, science, medicine, etc.*
- PLAYS OF AMERICA'S EXPLORERS AND FOUNDERS. By Samuel S. Ullman. Dodd, Mead. 243 pp. 1942. \$2.00. *Short plays about the leading figures in the history of colonial America.*
- PLAYS OF AMERICA'S GROWTH. By Samuel S. Ullman. Dodd, Mead. 227 pp. 1940. \$2.00. *A collection of short plays about the great persons and events in American history. Many of the plays included have been presented before school groups. Some of the subjects treated are: the Boston Tea Party, the Declaration of Independence, the Purchase of Louisiana, Sam Houston, etc.*
- PLAYS OF PATRIOTISM FOR YOUNG AMERICANS. Edited by S. Emerson Golden. Dodd, Mead. 305 pp. 1943. \$2.50. *16 non-royalty plays on various historical subjects.*
- SEVENTEEN VICTORY PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Bertha Dorothy Brown. McGuin. 131 pp. 1943. \$1.00. *Short plays and pageants for elementary grades. Cover a wide variety of topics, including War Savings.*
- THE TREASURY STAR PARADE. Edited by William A. Bacher. Farrar and Rinehart. 379 pp. 1942. \$2.50. *Twenty-seven scripts originally broadcast on "The Treasury Star Parade" radio program. Contains Norman Rosten's BALAD OF BATAAN, Stephen Vincent Benét's NIGHTMARE AT NOON, and many other well-known dramatizations. Nine of these scripts, including the one*

- by Rosten, have just been released for stage production by schools, although they may not be produced on the air without special permission.*
- THIS FREEDOM. By Arch Oboler. Random House. 239 pp. 1942. \$2.00. *Additional scripts by this author on the conflict between democracy and fascism.*
- THIS IS WAR. Dodd, Mead. 310 pp. 1942. \$2.50. *"A collection of plays about America on the march." Contains the 13 scripts in the recent radio series written by Norman Corwin, Maxwell Anderson, Randall MacDougal, etc. Schools and other non-commercial organizations desiring to use any of the plays may apply for permission to any one of the four national networks. (These scripts are suitable for "mock-broadcasts" within the classroom.)*
- V FOR VICTORY. Plays and Entertainments. Edited by Rehn Scarborough. Baker. 127 pp. 1942. 75¢. *Non-royalty readings, orations, pageants, recitations, and short plays.*
- THE WAY OF THE U. S. A. A Handbook of Democracy and Patriotism. By Dorothy Middlebrook Shipman. Dramatic Pub. Co. 172 pp. 1941. 60¢. *Non-royalty material, including 2 complete assembly programs, 8 sketches and playlets, 6 short pageants, etc.*

#### *Individual Plays (Mostly one-act) (Non-Royalty)*

- A FESTIVAL OF FREEDOM. National Recreation Association. 10¢. (Flexible cast.) *A review of the nation's patriotic songs in chronological sequence, and expressed in dialogue, songs, and tableaux. (The National Recreation Association distributes on request special bibliographies listing plays and play collections, assembly material, and entertainments of all kinds. Write to the Drama Service of the National Recreation Association for assistance in finding program material and planning programs.)*
- AMERICA IN ACTION. Edited by Herman Hagedorn. Dramatists Play Service. *A series of 12 one-act plays intended primarily for High Schools. 30¢ each. All 12 of these may be purchased in a single volume at \$2.00. (Each plays from 20 to 25 minutes.) The plays included are:*
- HAVEN OF THE SPIRIT. By Merrill Denison. *Roger Williams and religious tolerance.*
- FRANKLIN AND THE KING. By Paul Green. *Franklin at the court of King George III.*
- SHIP FOREVER SAILING. By Stanley Young. *The origin of the Mayflower Pact.*
- WE'D NEVER BE HAPPY OTHERWISE. By E. P. Conkle. *Elijah Lovejoy's martyrdom for the sake of freedom of the press.*
- ENTER WOMEN. By Olivia Howard Dunbar. *The foundation of the women's rights movement.*
- FIRES AT VALLEY FORGE. By Barrett H. Clark. *Washington shows American youth how it can help win victory.*

- A SALUTE TO THE FOURTH. By Elizabeth McFadden. *Race tolerance and patriotism.*
- SEEING THE ELEPHANT. By Dan Totheroh. *About the courage of the 49'ers.*
- COMMON SENSE. By Ridgely Torrence. *How Tom Paine converted the enemy to his ideas.*
- YOUNG HICKORY. By Stanley Young. *Young Andrew Jackson traps an enemy officer and covers his men.*
- THE THREE ROYAL R'S. By Mary Thurman Pyle. *Jefferson as a young man, and the beginnings of democratic education.*
- THE U. S. vs. SUSAN B. ANTHONY. By Merrill Denison. *The famous trial of the women's rights leader.*
- AMERICAN CREDO. By Caroline Kizer. Writers' War Board. 5 pp. 1942. (Flexible cast.) *A line-by-line dramatization of our national anthem. Brief and easily staged. (All Writers' War Board scripts are mimeographed and are distributed free of charge.)*
- AMERICANS ALL. National Recreation Association. 10¢. (Flexible cast.) *A pageant of various nationality groups in the United States. May be produced on a large or small scale.*
- AND THE STARS HEARD. By Jean M. Byers. National Education Association. 15 pp. 1941. 15¢. (7 boys, 4 girls, extras.) *A musical play for elementary schools.*
- ARE YOU READY FOR AN AIR RAID. By Matilda Clement. Baker. 24 pp. 1942. 35¢. (4 boys, 6 girls.) *A dramatized lesson in Air Raid Precaution.*
- BATTLE SONGS OF FREEDOM. Extension Service, University of Michigan. 12 pp. 1942. Single copies free. (Flexible cast.) *A patriotic song service adaptable for schools, civic gatherings, and other occasions. (Mimeo.)*
- THE CAVALCADE OF FREEDOM. By Betty Smith. National Education Association. 12 pp. 1942. 10¢. (9 boys; 4 girls, extras.) *A pageant-play based on incidents in American history.*
- CEILING. By Doris Halman. Writers' War Board. 17 pp. 1942. (3 boys, 3 girls.) *A humorous sketch on the consequences of inflation.*
- CLARION CALL. By Harry Weinberger. Dramatists Play Service. 23 pp. 1941. 35¢. *A free press play based on the famous trial of John Peter Zenger.*
- FOR ALL. By Max Epstein. Dramatic Publishing Co. 40 pp. 1941. 30¢. (Flexible cast.) *A pageant on democracy and Americanism. Particularly suitable for Junior High Schools.*
- FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE. By Lynn Starling. Writers' War Board. 17 pp. 1942. (Flexible cast.) *A comedy about Hitler's adventures in Heaven. Ends with a plea for buying Bonds.*
- FOR LACK OF A NAIL. By Marie Baumer. Writers' War Board. 17 pp. 1942. (3 boys, 3 girls.) *A family stops its petty hoarding and self-indulgence when it realizes what its selfishness means to the boys at the front.*

- FOR THIS WE FIGHT. National Education Association. 30 pp. 1942. 25¢. (Flexible cast.) *A pageant of America at war. Originally written for a High School commencement ceremony, it is suitable for various patriotic occasions. As wartime conditions change, certain minor changes in the text may be advisable.*
- FREE MEN. The Drama of Democracy. National Education Association. 23 pp. 1942. 10¢. (Flexible cast.) *A musical and dramatic interpretation of American democracy. There are roles for elementary school children, High School students, and adults. Suggestions for staging are included.*
- FUN TO BE FREE. By Ben Hecht and Charles McArthur. Dramatists Play Service. 23 pp. 1941. 30¢. (Flexible cast.) *A dramatic narration portraying this nation's love of freedom.*
- GIRLS OF THE U. S. A. By Peggy Fernway. French. 46 pp. 1942. 30¢. (All female cast.) *A comedy for high schools, which drives home the lesson that the war means a job to be done by everyone, young and old.*
- THE GOOD LAND. Extension Service, University of Michigan. 17 pp. 1942. Single copies free. (Flexible cast.) *The growth of the American ideal. Expressed through dramatic continuity and music. May be produced as radio script as well as pageant. (Mimeo.)*
- HONORARY COLONEL. By Dora Mary MacDonald. Eldridge. 15 pp. 1942. 35¢. (3 boys, 5 girls.) *A high school student gives a demonstration of real self-sacrifice for the war.*
- IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN AMERICA. By Lydia Caplan. 1943. 30¢. (8 boys and girls.) *A short playlet in which Uncle Sam tells off those "grouchers and gripers" who think victory can be won without inconvenience to them. (Mimeo.)*
- THE LADIES DISCOVER AMERICA. By Anne Coulter Martens. Dramatic Pub. Co. 19 pp. 1942. 35¢. (8 girls.) *A satire on those ladies who consider themselves patriotic, but who do nothing practical to aid in the war.*
- LET ME COME BACK. By Jean M. Byers. National Education Association. 16 pp. 1943. 10¢. (4 boys, 4 girls, extras.) *An original play for American Education Week—although it may be used on other occasions throughout the year.*
- THE LITTLE PATRIOT. By Dora Mary MacDonald. Eldridge. 18 pp. 1942. 35¢. (2 boys, 4 girls.) *The younger generation shows the older generation how to win the war.*
- LONG MAY OUR LAND BE BRIGHT. By Anne Gehris. Baker. 73 pp. 1942. 50¢. (Flexible cast.) *An historical pageant, beginning with the Declaration of Independence and proceeding through various episodes, including incidents in the lives of Kit Carson, Stephen Foster, Alexander Graham Bell, and Will Rogers.*
- MAIN STREET CALLING. By Ruth Wilson. Writers' War Board. 40 pp. 1942. (7 boys, 5 girls.) *A "scenery-less" pageant in which average people, represent-*

ative of any community, express their feelings about what we are fighting for.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. Dramatized from Edward Everett Hale's story by Pauline Phelps. Wetmore. 28 pp. 1941. 50¢. (5 boys, 2 girls.) The story of Philip Nolan, the American army officer who became "the man without a country."

OUR HERITAGE. By Harold G. Sliker. French. 25 pp. 1941. 30¢. (Flexible cast.) A pageant tribute to the Bill of Rights.

PAUL FACES THE TIRE SHORTAGE. By Christopher Sergel. Dramatic Pub. Co. 20 pp. 1942. 35¢. (3 boys, 3 girls.) A comedy on tire rationing.

THE ROAD TO FREEDOM. By Frances H. Kohan and Truda T. Weil. Harpers. 55 pp. 1941. 80¢. (Flexible cast.) A pageant-play in five episodes depicting man's age-long struggle for freedom. This is an elaborate production requiring music, dancing, and a large cast. Suitable for High School and community projects.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG. By Esther C. Averill. Baker. 21 pp. 1942. 50¢. (Flexible cast.) A flag ceremony for a school assembly program.

THE SEARCH OF THE AGES. Developed by the Barnard School, Washington, D. C. National Education Association. 19 pp. 1942. 10¢. (Flexible cast.) Prepared especially for American Education Week but may be used on other occasions as well.

SONG FOR AMERICAN UNION. By Vincent McHugh, with song by Harold Rome. Writers' War Board. 12 pp. 1942. (Flexible cast.) A stirring hymn for holiday ceremonies. Copies of the song may be secured for ten cents each.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY. By Eve Kelly. Baker. 25 pp. 1942. 50¢. (Flexible cast.) A pageant based on great events in American history.

TALK COSTS LIVES. By Rose Campion. Dramatic Pub. Co. 19 pp. 1942. 35¢. (2 boys, 5 girls, 1 extra.) The importance of safeguarding information in wartime.

THIS FREEDOM. By Elliot Field. Baker. 74 pp. 1942. 50¢. (Flexible cast.) A patriotic pageant-drama of American history. Includes choruses, music, etc.

TIME FOR ELIZABETH. A play about peace. By Jean M. Byers. National Education Association. 16 pp. 1943. 10¢. (2 girls, extras.) A peace play for elementary schools, written especially for American Education Week, 1943.

WE AMERICANS. By Harry L. Ringle. Dramatic Pub. Co. 36 pp. 1939. 35¢. (Flexible cast.) The history of America from the beginning to the present time. Includes narrator and chorus.

WE BELIEVE. Words and music by Charlotte Schlesinger. Willis Music Co. 24 pp. 1943. 50¢. A cantata of democracy, for two—or three—part chorus of equal voices. (The Willis Music Company also has several other patriotic choruses and operettas.)

WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS. Story and lyrics by Jean M. Byers. National Educa-

tion Association. 39 pp. 1941. 25¢. (5 boys, 6 girls, extras.) A musical play for High Schools based on the Declaration of Independence.

WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS. By Norman Corwin. Howell, Soskin. 47 pp. 1942. 25¢. The famous radio script originally broadcast on December 15, 1941. The script is a celebration of Bill of Rights Day. Contains an address by President Roosevelt.

#### Individual Plays (Royalty)

AFTER MUNICH. By Frances Kilroe. Baker. 53 pp. 1941. 35¢. \$5 royalty per performance. (5 boys, 1 girl.) The conflict between Czechs and Nazis in the days shortly before the Second World War. (One-act.)

A HERO IS BORN. By William Kozlenko. Row, Peterson. 23 pp. 1942. 50¢. \$5 royalty per performance. (3 boys, 2 girls.) The awakening of an American at the time of Pearl Harbor. (One-act.)

THE DECISION AT DAWN. By Major R. B. Lawrence. Longmans. 32 pp. 1932. 50¢. \$5 royalty per performance if admission is charged; \$2.50 if no admission is charged. (7 boys, 2 girls.) A play about George Washington at Valley Forge. Winner in the 1931 Drama League—Longmans, Green Playwriting Contest. (One-act.)

THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Dramatists Play Service. 38 pp. 1939. 35¢. \$5 royalty per performance. A folk comedy from early American history. (Long one-act.)

DOODLE DANDY OF THE U. S. A. By Saul Lancourt. Music by Elie Siegmeister. Musette Publishers. (Non-professional acting rights are controlled by the Dramatists Play Service.) 108 pp. 1943. \$1.50. The children's theatre presentation that aroused much favorable comment when it toured the country recently with a professional cast. (Full-length.) (Musette Publishers have a large selection of musical plays and songs on patriotic themes.)

ETERNAL LIFE. By Fred Eastman. French. 23 pp. 1941. 35¢. \$5 royalty per performance. (3 boys, 3 girls.) Three days trapped in an air raid shelter with only faith in God to avert despair. (One-act.)

THE EVE OF ST. MARK. By Maxwell Anderson. Dramatic Pub. Co. 103 pp. 1943. 75¢. (Consult publisher for royalty.) (13 boys, 8 girls.) A simplified version of last year's Broadway success. Especially arranged for school and community groups. (Full-length.)

JACOB COMES HOME. By William Kozlenko. Row, Peterson. 19 pp. 1939. 50¢. (Consult publisher for royalty.) (2 boys, 3 girls.) A dramatic incident in present-day Germany. (One-act.)

MRS. MINIVER. Dramatized by Christopher Sergel. Dramatic Pub. Co. 141 pp. 1942. 75¢. \$25 royalty per performance. (6 boys, 8 girls.) A dramatization of Jan Struther's best-selling novel of England at war. (Full-length.)

NO JADE SHALL BURN. By Arthur Barrett. Dramatic Pub. Co. 23 pp. 1941.

35¢. \$5 royalty per performance. (2 boys, 3 girls.) *A Chinese family unites to withstand the invaders of its country.* (One-act.)

THE OLD HISTORY BOOK. By Louise Van Voorhis Armstrong. Longmans. 34 pp. 1928. 50¢. \$10 royalty per performance if admission is charged; \$5 if no admission is charged. (Flexible cast.) *Glimpses of the great phases in our nation's history.* (One-act.)

THE OPEN DOOR. By William Kozlenko. Baker. 32 pp. 1942. 35¢. (Consult publisher for royalty.) (3 boys, 2 girls.) *A religious play showing the faith of the common people in what they are fighting for.* (One-act.)

PARTING AT IMSDORF. By N. Richard Nusbaum. French. 48 pp. 1941. 35¢. \$5 royalty per performance. (4 boys, 1 girl.) *A stirring religious drama which won first prize in the contest sponsored by the Religious Drama Council of the Greater New York Federation of Churches.* (One-act.)

VICTORY HOME. By Dana Thomas. Northwestern. 108 pp. 1943. 75¢. \$25 royalty per performance. (7 girls, 6 boys.) *An American family discovers what it really means to help win the war on the home front. A comedy for high schools.* (Full-length.)

#### SCHOOL THEATRE PUBLICATIONS

THE HIGH SCHOOL THESPIAN. Ernest Bavely, editor. College Hill Station, Cincinnati, Ohio. Subscription: \$2.00 per year. *Official publication of the National Thespian Dramatic Honor Society for High Schools. Prints a "War Script of the Month," in each issue.*

The Society is now carrying on a national "High School Theatre for Victory Program" with which the Treasury Department is cooperating. This Program has as its objective the mobilization of the nation's High School dramatics groups for more effective participation in the war effort. Assembly programs, plays, pageants, radio programs, etc. on War Savings and other war themes are considered contributions to the "High School Theatre for Victory Program," and make the contributing school eligible for membership. (Membership does not depend upon subscription to the magazine.)

Write to Mr. Bavely for a free printed bulletin containing details of the "High School Theatre for Victory Program." Also for A WARTIME PLAYLIST FOR HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATICS. (See p. 15.)

PLAYERS MAGAZINE. Mrs. Anna Best Joder, editor. Cheyenne, Wyoming. Subscription: \$2.00 per year. *Official publication of the National Collegiate Players, a national honorary High School and college dramatics society, but covering the entire field of school dramatics. Several articles and the whole of one issue each year may be devoted to the subject of children's dramatics. Occasional scripts on war topics are also printed.*

PLAYS: The Drama Magazine for Young People. A. S. Burack, editor. 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. Subscription: \$3.00 per year. *A monthly pub-*

*lication of plays for various grade levels. Contains at least one "Victory Play" in each issue.*

#### A FEW BOOKS ON PLAY PRODUCTION

A MANUAL OF PLAY PRODUCTION. By A. M. Drummond. Published by the author. (May be secured from the Cornell Co-operative Society, Barnes Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.) 76 pp. 1930. 50¢. *A booklet of practical rules and suggestions for the actor and-director. Extremely simple and useful.*

A PRIMER OF STAGECRAFT. By Henning Nelms. Dramatists Play Service. 158 pp. 1941. \$1.50. *A detailed and practical handbook for scene-designing, construction, painting, and shifting. Fully illustrated.*

THE ART OF PLAY PRODUCTION. By John Dolman, Jr. Harpers. 466 pp. 1928. \$4.00. *Broadly inclusive text, used in many High School and college classes in play production.*

A WARTIME MANUAL FOR HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATICS DIRECTORS. Compiled and edited by Ernest Bavely. The National Thespian Dramatic Honor Society for High Schools. 55 pp. 1943. \$1.00. (Free to teachers affiliated with the Thespian Society.) *A guidebook designed to provide timely information which will enable High School directors to mobilize their dramatic program for more effective wartime services.*

THE COMPLETE ACTED PLAY FROM SCRIPT TO FINAL CURTAIN. By Allen Crafton and Jessica Royer. Crofts. 385 pp. 1943. \$3.75. *One of the more recent volumes; intended for beginning students.*

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF PLAY DIRECTION. By Gilmor Brown and Alice Garwood. French. 190 pp. 1936. \$2.00. *A manual for directors; includes a glossary of terms.*

HOW TO PRODUCE AMATEUR PLAYS. By Barrett H. Clark. Little, Brown. 177 pp. 1923. \$2.00. *A good introduction for beginners.*

HOW TO PRODUCE A PLAY. By Jack Stuart Knapp. National Recreation Association. 32 pp. 1937. 50¢. *An elementary discussion of the process of play directing.*

MODERN THEATRE PRACTICE. By Hubert Heffner, Samuel Selden, and Hunton D. Sellman. Crofts. 425 pp. 1935. \$3.00. *A practical analysis of play direction, as well as of scene design and building.*

PLAY PRODUCTION MADE EASY. By Mabel Foote Hobbs. National Recreation Association. 60 pp. 1933. 50¢. *A short handbook of instructions for beginners.*

PRODUCING THE PLAY. Edited by John Cassner; with THE SCENE TECHNICIAN'S HANDBOOK. By Philip Barber. Dryden Press. 744 pp. 1941. \$3.25. *Articles by leading professionals on all phases of theatrical activity. The second portion of the volume is a handbook on stagecraft.*

#### PLAY PUBLISHERS

WALTER H. BAKER CO. 178 Tremont St., Boston; 448 South Hill St., Los Angeles  
BANNER PLAY COMPANY. 519 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
CHILDREN'S THEATRE PRESS. South Hills, Charleston, W. Va.  
T. S. DENISON AND COMPANY. 225 North Wabash Ave., Chicago.  
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY. 59 East Van Buren St., Chicago.  
DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC. 6 East 39th St., New York.  
ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE, INC. Franklin, Ohio.  
SAMUEL FRENCH, INC. 25 West 45th St., New York.  
IVAN BLOOM HARDIN COMPANY. Des Moines, Iowa.  
HEUER PUBLISHING COMPANY. Cedar Rapids, Iowa.  
LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY. 55 Fifth Ave., New York.  
McGUIN PUBLISHING COMPANY. Wichita, Kans.  
NORTHWESTERN PRESS. 2200 Park Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.  
ROW, PETERSON AND COMPANY. Evanston, Ill.  
WETMORE DECLAMATION BUREAU. 1631 South Paxton St., Sioux City, Iowa.  
THE WOMEN'S PRESS. 600 Lexington Ave., New York.

#### OTHER PUBLISHERS (Whose material is mentioned above):

F. S. CROFTS AND COMPANY. 101 Fifth Ave., New York.  
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, INC. 432 Fourth Ave., New York.  
THE DRYDEN PRESS. 103 Park Ave., New York.  
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY, INC. 286-302 Fourth Ave., New York.  
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING CORPORATION. Darien, Conn.  
FARRAR AND RINEHART, INC. 232 Madison Ave., New York.  
GREENBERG: PUBLISHER. 400 Madison Ave., New York.  
HARPER AND BROTHERS. 49 East 33rd St., New York.  
HOWELL, SOSKIN, PUBLISHERS, INC. 11-17 East 45th St., New York.  
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY. 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN EXTENSION SERVICE. Ann Arbor, Mich.  
MUSSETTE PUBLISHERS. Steiway Hall. 113 West 57th St., New York.  
NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION. 1201 16th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.  
NATIONAL RECREATION ASSOCIATION. 315 Fourth Ave., New York.  
THE NATIONAL THESPIAN DRAMATIC HONOR SOCIETY FOR HIGH SCHOOLS. College Hill Station, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
RANDOM HOUSE, INC. 20 East 57th St., New York.  
WILLIAM PENN PUBLISHING CORPORATION. 220 Fifth Ave., New York.  
THE WILLIS MUSIC COMPANY. Cincinnati, Ohio.  
WRITERS' WAR BOARD. 122 East 42nd St., New York.

## Suggestions for Writing Your Own Scripts

#### WRITE YOUR OWN

Although the War Finance Division will be glad to send you any of its material for your War Savings programs and although many commercial play publishers are plentifully stocked with general patriotic material, you may find that the best play, radio script, or pageant for your particular purpose is one that you write yourself.

When you prepare your own scripts, you can mold them to meet your program needs and your production and casting facilities. You can write them to fit specific characters and situations in your own school or community. And you can cover a wider and perhaps more interesting variety of appropriate subjects than are available in published form.

Scripts can be written by the members of a club or class—the class in English or Dramatics, for example—by individual students who are especially interested, or by the teacher. Many schools have found that having a class or even an entire grade work on the putting together of a play or pageant is a fine example of democracy in action, and makes for an interest and an enthusiasm that may be lacking in the production of tailor-made and standardized scripts.

#### HOW TO WRITE A SCRIPT

There is not enough space here for a book on playwriting—although you might take a look at one or two (listed on p. 37). All that this handbook can do is to offer a few suggestions and mention a few principles for writing your own war-time scripts. Beyond that, you must depend upon your own reading of scripts already published and being used, and your own inventiveness and skill. (A number of good scripts are listed on pp. 8 to 22. It would be very helpful for you to look over a few of them before you go to work on your own material.)

You may be asking, "Well, how do I start?" The answer is: You generally start with an idea, a story, a theme; a plot. For example: a newsboy who makes his customers buy a War Stamp with their purchase gives the president of a large business firm the same idea. Then you give your story characters: the newsboy, his sister (who brings him his lunch so that he doesn't have to take time off to go home), another newsboy who sneers at his efforts, an important business man who happens to buy a paper at the stand, etc. With plot and characters in mind you decide upon a particular scene and incident, and begin to fill in dialogue.



If you're writing a pageant, you follow the same basic pattern. Start with a central theme: The United Nations, The Home Front Army, Freedom Through the Ages. Decide on how elaborate you want it to be, what scenes and characters you will need. Perhaps you may want to include certain musical selections and songs. Then, after building your dialogue for each scene, use a narrator or chorus of some kind to tie the scenes together.

Make sure you write about what you know or can readily find material on. Write about those things you feel most keenly. Make use of those subjects on the war fronts and at home that interest you most.

It isn't necessary to search for an outstanding deed of courage to make a good play. You've heard of the radio script *THERE ARE NO LITTLE THINGS*. Write about the little things, as well as the big ones. A seemingly insignificant incident from your own home town may serve as the nucleus of a very effective program. All you have to do is think a little while, and you should find many topics and themes about which to write.

For example: you have all heard stories of wartime selfishness; the man who chisels on gasoline for his car; the woman who is constantly complaining about little inconveniences and sacrifices. Suppose we take this latter instance as the starting point for a play.

What could make this woman—Mrs. Brown—forget her own comfort to the point of wanting to share the sacrifices of her fellow-countrymen? For Mrs. Brown is not intentionally disloyal. She really believes that she wants to help win this war. She even has a son in the Navy. She thinks she is backing up our soldiers and sailors by knitting for the Red Cross in her spare time, by curtailing her use of the car, by spending part of her income on War Bonds.

But she does all this reluctantly, for she still believes that we could have kept out of the war. She resents having her son in the service, and she feels that through him she is already doing more than her share. The concern of her Polish maid for a brother arriving from Poland leaves her unmoved; she doesn't really believe all those stories of Nazi atrocities. And when her husband gives up a good position he had long been trying to get in order to place his special engineering skill at the service of the Army, her first and strongest reaction is one of anger that he has endangered *her* security.

What is there that can change this woman's attitude? It will have to be something that gets through her outer shell of callousness. Her knowledge of the war is mental rather than emotional. She knows with her mind—but not with her heart and will—that certain sacrifices are necessary. Consequently she does not make them willingly.

But suppose a dear friend of her son should come back from Europe, half-starved and ill from imprisonment, with stories to tell about shortages of food and about the brutal treatment of "inferior peoples" and even war prisoners by the Nazis. Suppose a letter comes to notify her that her son is a prisoner of the

Japanese. By this bringing of the war to her, she would be shaken out of her scepticism and her false security and selfishness. The woman's indifference to her maid's worries and her anger at her husband's patriotic move—because both these affect *her* comfort and complacency—contrast sharply with her forgetfulness of self when the war strikes home to her through her son.

A one-act play with a single stage set would effectively dramatize this situation. The logical meeting place for all of the characters would be the family living-room of the Browns'. Since Mrs. Brown is a person who loves her comfort and is financially able to satisfy her desires, there should be a suggestion of luxury in the furnishings. For the time of the action, it would be convenient to choose midafternoon. This would give an excuse for the serving of the afternoon coffee, and will also occasion comment on the husband's early return from the office.

For the characters in the play—besides Mr. and Mrs. Brown—we will need a woman caller who is an old friend of Mrs. Brown and who would, therefore, be a natural recipient of her confidences; the Polish maid who helps to build the mood of the play by her tears for her brother; and the son's friend, a young newspaper man who has recently come back from Europe.

The dialogue and action of the play would be built around this framework. First, the opening situation where Mrs. Brown welcomes her friend, apologizing for the coldness of the room—"It's only 68, my dear, and John just *won't* let me keep it any warmer. Sometimes I *do* turn it up when he isn't here. I don't believe there's really any shortage." She goes to the thermostat and raises it, although her friend protests that she is warm enough. When the maid brings in the coffee, Mrs. Brown rebukes her for using the wrong cream pitcher. The maid leaves the room in tears. "She's been no good to me this week because her brother is expected from Poland, and she's worried about his health and finding a place for him. She wanted me to let him stay here. Of course, that's out of the question."

The guest asks about the son and his whereabouts, which are unknown to the Brown family. Mrs. Brown can't understand what harm there would be in knowing where her son's unit is stationed. The guest also inquires for Mr. Brown, whereupon Mrs. Brown describes with enthusiasm her husband's recent promotion to one of the top positions in his engineering firm, and what his new position will mean after the war. When the caller doubts a quick ending of the war, Mrs. Brown launches into her favorite subject: the lack of necessity for the war in the first place, and its present inconveniences. She hints that there might be advantages in making a negotiated peace, etc. The friend protests against this attitude, but Mrs. Brown is so certain of her opinions, so confident that the war is remote from her—even though her son is in it—that she is not to be moved.

The phone rings. It is a friend of her son who wants to come to see her. As she turns away from the phone to come back to her chair, she sees her



husband, through the window, coming up the walk. She is very surprised at his unusually early return from the office. When Mr. Brown enters, he starts telling her about his change of plans but stops on seeing the visitor. Mrs. Brown tells her husband about the phone call from Jack's friend. The caller leaves. Then Mr. Brown tells his wife about his decision. She is so angry that she does not even allow him to finish what he has to say, reproaching him for not thinking of her interests, etc. When he tries to explain, she will not listen. He turns away, discouraged, goes to the thermostat and turns it down, with a remark about her lack of cooperation.

Just then the son's friend comes and is welcomed warmly by both. Mrs. Brown comments on his loss of weight, his pallor, etc., and his limp. "Tell us all about yourself," she says. "How I wish Jack could be here too! I expect you reporters have lots of interesting experiences. But first let me give you some coffee." The young man comments on the joy of having good coffee again, and expresses his amazement at finding Americans doing just about the same things as before the war. "Well, after all, we are pretty far away from it," she says. The friend tries to tell her about the food shortages in the occupied countries, but she answers, "I can't see any point in making ourselves sad and uncomfortable just because other people are."

The young man turns to Mr. Brown, who has been pacing the room with repressed energy, and begins to tell him about his experience in an Axis prison. Mrs. Brown is more shaken by this than she cares to admit. She goes to the window and sees the postman approaching. As she goes out into the hall for the mail, she hears the young man say, "Axis prison guards are not exactly humane." "That's why I'm worrying about Jack," says Mr. Brown, with a glance toward the hall.

Mrs. Brown comes back with an official-looking envelope which she hands to her husband. He takes it and tears it open, then hands it to her with no comment. She reads it twice with a dazed look. "Oh, no, it can't be true. Jack can't be a prisoner of the Japanese. It can't be. I won't have it!" The two men say nothing. She turns on her husband. "Why don't you say it isn't true? Why can't you say something? Don't you care?"

Mr. Brown answers, "I tried to tell you when I first came. You wouldn't listen. I tried to tell you that was why I am quitting business for the service." "But what can I do? With Jack a prisoner over there, I can't sit doing nothing!" "You can do—everything you have not been willing to do," her husband answers, "everything that will help to win the war as soon as possible."

The Polish maid comes to the door. "Please, Mrs. Brown, may I go now to meet my brother?" "Yes, Maria," answers Mrs. Brown. "And, Maria, bring your brother back here. We'll fix up Jack's room for him. Tell him he can stay—just as long as he likes."

(For a completed script dealing with a very similar situation, see SOMETHING

REALLY SUPER on p. 53. Notice the differences and the similarities in the treatment of the theme.)

#### A FEW GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

The range of subject-matter for script writing is as broad as life and your imagination can make it. Your script can be directly and immediately concerned with War Bonds and Stamps. It may be a script based on some "understanding" theme—the nature of our enemies, our Allies, the United Nations, the post-war world for which we are fighting. Or it may be a script based on American history, traditions, and ideals.

The script may end with a direct plea for War Savings sales—perhaps right on the spot. It may be so constructed that it will, without any specific reference, encourage people to increase their War Bond purchases. Or it may be a combination or variation of any of these types of programs.

The important thing is that you think of the problem of writing a script as the problem of convincing *people you know* to buy Stamps and Bonds. Professor George M. Savage, of the University of Washington, who has successfully directed student writing of many scripts or war topics, puts it this way: "The most important thing is for the writer to feel that he has to make War Bonds not a substitute for fighting but a way of fighting—a way of gaining the same feeling a fighter has—a way of being all out for Victory."

A play script should run anywhere from 15 to 45 minutes, depending on the occasion for which it is intended. A pageant may be an hour or more in length—although it is better not to have one that drags out too long. Write in as many parts as your class or school can fill. If most of the characters are young, you will have less difficulty in having them well acted. On the other hand, it's a good idea to have some extra parts (with or without lines); the more students who can participate in the show, the better.

You had better go in for simple settings, costumes, and properties. Fancy trimmings are generally not available these days or, if they are, are much too expensive. In any case, they are not needed in order to make your show a success. Combine economy with ingenuity and a little imagination. Let your main emphasis center on the dramatic quality and timeliness of the script itself rather than on the setting. Don't spend a lot of time and energy building complicated scenery and rounding up intricate props. One set, using simple, easily assembled furniture and properties, is best. The narrator technique (such as is used in MESSAGE FROM BATAAN and LETTER TO PRIVATE SMITH) is very workable. Use your imagination, and you will find that your audience likes to use its imagination also.

In your writing, don't be too obvious and "preachy". Make your characters and situations real. As Professor Savage says, tell your story in terms of the people you know. "I think the soldiers and the sailors in your plays should be the soldiers and sailors who are brothers, fathers, friends of the children. In Seattle,

it's good to think of buying Boeings with our Stamps and Bonds. That's even more exciting than buying bullets. It's exciting here, too, to buy ships. But the writer has to think of what will convince him, what will convince his family, what will convince his friends."

Let your message grow naturally out of the situation rather than have it seem tacked on. Many War Savings scripts are built around the theme of a person who at the beginning isn't buying War Bonds and then, as a result of some severe personal loss or shock, quickly repents and immediately becomes an enthusiastic buyer. Unless such situations are handled carefully and with a keen sense of human psychology, they are rarely convincing—either to the actors (which is bad) or to the audience (which is fatal).

A little honesty and imagination in the writing can keep you from including such superficialities. See if you can stay away from the stereotyped formulas. Show an individual who is doing the job of buying War Bonds, or some other phase of home front activity. Contrast an individual who is doing his job well with another who is neglecting it shamefully. Dramatize the events and causes that lead people to action—whether that action will be buying War Bonds or something else. Above all, remember that drama is action, not just talk. Have things happen to your characters. Have them *doing* things, not just *saying* them.

Truth is your greatest weapon. Don't exaggerate or overstate. Americans are good fighting men, but the British and the Russians and the Chinese and our other Allies haven't done so badly either. Our production record is magnificent, but we're not the only country making planes and tanks for our side. We seem to be winning the war all right, but "we" means the United Nations and not just the United States—and we're a long way yet from having won it.

Whatever you do, don't say that the *only* way to win the war is to keep buying War Bonds. That's unfair to every other war activity. Say that buying more bonds is *one* of the *many* jobs we have to do in order to speed victory.

Don't go in for horror stuff or "scare" programs. Having a harsh German voice break into a school public address system, for example, with "Stop! In the name of the Fuehrer!" and pretend to take over the school—followed by a plea for buying War Bonds because "This really isn't happening, but it might," is needlessly sensational. Your audience doesn't like to be fooled that way. It may even become frightened. Making Americans jittery is a poor way to sell War Bonds.

And, finally, don't lose your sense of humor. A script doesn't have to be grim and plodding to be good. If you're careful, there's nothing wrong with humor in scripts about War Savings. Just don't have the humor entirely swallow the message; don't get the idea of buying War Stamps lost in the laughs. Be warm and real. Or introduce a light or a fantastic touch if you like. Fantasy generally makes for interesting plays—especially for younger audiences. But be sure to end up on a serious note.

(Additional suggestions especially for the writing of radio scripts are contained on pp. 2-5 of the booklet WAR SAVINGS RADIO SCRIPTS FOR SCHOOLS AT WAR. A copy may be secured free of charge by writing to the Education Section, War Finance Division, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.)

#### SOME IDEAS FOR SHORT PLAYS

##### 1. *Message From Mars.*

An interesting program can be worked out on the following theme:

An inventor has built a special radio in the hope of hearing messages from Mars. He finds instead that he gets voices of people all over the world. He tunes in voices from (for example) France. The voices become louder, and finally players step from the cabinet and tell the audience how much Frenchmen would give for the opportunities Americans still have to fight for freedom, and to invest in War Stamps.

Voices can also come from Germany, etc., including perhaps both Nazi voices and the voices of Germans who hate Hitler.

##### 2. *Good Intentions.*

A third grade class prepared an interesting program showing how easy it is to forget even the best intentions:

The scene is in the living room of an American family. Mother helps the children with their spelling, asking them to spell such words as "Bond," "Savings," etc. She then asks them to read some papers which they wrote in school. These stories all stress the importance of buying War Stamps. Later the family tunes in a radio program which turns out to be on a war theme suggesting the purchase of Bonds and Stamps.

Finally, the newsboy comes in, collects 40 cents for papers, and gives father 60 cents change out of a dollar. Father divides the change among the children. Each starts speculating on whether to spend the money for a soda, for candy, for nail polish, etc. Suddenly all realize that all day they have been wishing they had some money for just one purpose—War Stamps. They buy War Stamps from the newsboy.

##### 3. *Willie War Stamp.*

One second grade class developed the character known as "Willie War Stamp." Willie War Stamp appears in the form of a child holding (or wearing sandwich fashion) a big drawing of a War Stamp.

"I may be only a little 10-cent War Stamp," Willie is always saying, "but you ought to see what I can do."

Suiting action to the word, Willie proceeds to show his admiring audience what he really can do. Willie does this assisted by a sheet, a light bright enough to cast a good shadow on his sheet, assorted war materials (which,

Willie explains grandly, he can buy) and a few generals, admirals, soldiers, sailors, marines, war workers, nurses, and so forth, who make or use the things he buys.

In other words, Willie describes his exploits by standing beside a sheet while his aides-de-camp dramatize in pantomime his great deeds. Shadow plays are good because they are mysterious. Costumes need be no more elaborate than whatever will throw a good shadow. The same goes for props. A first-class tank can be cut out of a magazine ad or picture (use a profile picture), pasted on cardboard, which is then trimmed down to the picture.

What Willie shows off about is up to the class, which should not lack for ideas.

#### 4. *The Miser and His Gold.*

The familiar fable of the miser and his gold can be turned into an effective War Savings playlet:

As the curtain rises, the miser appears, digs up his gold, and begins jingling and counting it. He finally hides it again and leaves.

A robber appears from behind a tree, digs up the gold, and goes off with it, meanwhile chuckling over the things he will spend it for.

In the next scene, the robber has been caught, but not before he has squandered the money on fancy clothes and jewelry. The neighbors are outraged at such wasteful spending at a time when Uncle Sam needs every penny, and tend to sympathize with the miser over his loss. But then they ask the miser how it happened that he kept so much money in the ground instead of putting it into War Bonds, thus helping Uncle Sam, and keeping it safe at the same time.

#### 5. *Historical Picture Gallery.*

A boy sits in front of the fire in the library where his ancestors' pictures hang. The ancestors step out of the frames and talk to him. They represent heroes of the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, the first World War (the boy's father), and the present war (the boy's older brother). To each one, the boy puts the question: What can I do? Each answer is the same: Buy War Stamps and Bonds.

#### 6. *Boys and Girls in the War.*

Among the best sources of ideas are items in the newspapers telling of specific exploits of American boys and girls. Many of them deal directly with War Savings activities. Here are a few actual cases:

- a. A newsboy who sold so many War Savings Stamps to his customers that he received a special medal from the Government.

- b. A girl who got her friends together and put on a show to raise money for War Savings Stamps.
- c. A boy who formed a Victory Club in a local cellar; the club did a great deal of salvage work, putting all its proceeds into Stamps.
- d. A 14-year-old boy in Omaha, Nebraska, who staged a benefit show in his backyard. He persuaded Abbott and Costello, who were appearing in a local theatre, to take part in the show along with local youngsters. They raised almost \$300.
- e. A 6-year-old boy who, shortly after Pearl Harbor, wrote to President Roosevelt offering him his precious pony for use by the Army. When the President replied that the Army did not need his pony, and commended the boy for his spirit, the boy said he would charge other youngsters a penny or two for rides on his pony, and would use the money to buy War Savings Stamps.

#### 7. *Other Skeleton Ideas.*

- a. *A Bond Goes to War*—The transformation of a \$25 Bond going from a boy's home to the fighting front.
- b. *How Ma Stuck to the Ceiling*—A mother, whose Junior High School son and daughter tell her about price ceilings, uses her knowledge to enforce the law.
- c. *The New Little Red Riding Hood*—Little Red Riding Hood takes her grandmother a Bond for her birthday, only to find that the grandmother is out of bed and knitting socks for soldiers.
- d. *Student Dollars*—Pennies for War Stamps make dollars that go into war production, to the fighting fronts, and on to Victory.

*(Items of this kind rarely offer a ready-made plot; they may seem quite unpromising. But given the germ of an idea to start from, a student with a pliant imagination should be able to create flesh-and-blood characters and think up interesting plot incidents and endings.)*

#### WHERE TO FIND MATERIAL

There are plenty of extremely dramatic incidents taking place everywhere in the world today. Every issue of your daily newspaper is full of them. The problem is to shape these incidents into dramatic form, to bring them close to us and state them in terms of our own lives.

The late Stephen Vincent Benét did this when he wrote *THE BURNING OF THE BOOKS* and his *DEAR ADOLF* radio series of letters; Arch Oboler did it in such radio plays as *CHICAGO*, *GERMANY* and *BOMBER TO TOKYO*; Edna St. Vincent Millay in *THE MURDER OF LIDICE*; Maxwell Anderson in *THE EVE OF ST. MARK*; Sidney Kingsley in *THE PATRIOTS*; Norman Corwin in *WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS*.

While we cannot all write as well as these professional dramatists and poets,

we can all look into our own experiences and into those of our family and community. There is no town in the United States today that does not have some of its boys on a fighting front somewhere, no family that has not felt the impact of war in a hundred ways. To every community, its soldiers are as brave and heroic as Colin Kelly, and Butch O'Hare and Meyer Levin; its own wartime experiences are felt as sharply as the bombing of Berlin or the surrender of Italy.

American history and literature offer other fertile fields for dramatization. You can dramatize patriotic songs such as YANKEE DOODLE and THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. (AMERICAN CREDO, a script listed on p. 18, shows how this has been done in the case of THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.)

You can get ideas for plays from patriotic poetry too, from the works of such poets as Longfellow, Walt Whitman, and the Benét brothers. The lives of great American heroes—both men and women—have often been put into play form. Traditional and recent American documents—The Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights of our Constitution, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, the Atlantic Charter, President Roosevelt's speech on the Four Freedoms, and Vice-president Wallace's address on THE PRICE OF FREE WORLD VICTORY, etc., etc., also furnish excellent material for writing your own plays and pageants.

#### SOME SUITABLE SOURCES

The following references are to background material specifically relating to the problem of paying for the war—raw material for plays and programs on War Savings.

- QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS. 16 pp. Free. Any State War Finance Office, or Education Section, War Finance Division, Washington 25, D. C.
- PAYING FOR THE WAR. A resource Unit for Teachers of the Social Studies. By Babcock, Jeffery and Troelstrup. 69 pp., November 1942. 30¢ National Council for the Social Studies, 1201 16th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
- MY PART IN THIS WAR. Helping on the Home Front. 93 pp. April 1943. 25¢. National Association of Secondary-School Principals, 1201 16th St. N. W., Washington, D. C. See especially Chapter 4, "Keeping our economic system in good order," and the suggested problems and activities.
- BIGGER AND BETTER TAXES. By Hart, Jacoby and Simons. University of Chicago Round Table Transcript No. 259. 30 pp. March 7, 1943. 10¢. University of Chicago.
- \$51,000,000,000 A YEAR MAN. Time Magazine. January 25, 1943. pp. 18-20. A report of the President's 1943 budget message to Congress.
- HOW CAN WE PAY FOR THE WAR? By Maxwell S. Stewart, Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 74. 32 pp. December 1942. 10¢. Public Affairs Committee, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

HOW CAN WE PAY FOR THE WAR? By David Cushman Coyle. Chapter XI in "America Organizes to Win the War," \$1.20. Harcourt Brace & Co., 385 Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE FEDERAL DEBT AND THE FUTURE. By Alvin Hansen and Guy Greer, Harper's Magazine, April 1942, pp. 498-500.

HOW TO PAY FOR THE WAR. By John Maynard Keynes, 1940. \$1.00. Harcourt Brace & Co., 385 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO CHECK INFLATION. By John M. Clark. Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 64. 32 pp. January 1942. 10¢. Public Affairs Committee, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

WARTIME LIVING FOR PEACETIME SECURITY. The War Against Inflation. Vol. 8, No. 1, of "Building America." 32 pp., heavily illustrated. October 1942. 30¢. Building America, 2 West 45th St., New York City.

THE "INFLATIONARY GAP": WHAT IS IT? By the Editors of "Business Week." Page 120, of the issue of December 12, 1942.

WHERE'S THE MONEY COMING FROM? Problems of postwar finance. By Stuart Chase. 1943. \$1.00. Twentieth Century Fund, 300 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Listed below are books containing suitable source material in both poetry and prose on American history, and basic American traditions and ideals. These should be very useful for writing your own plays and pageants. Any librarian can probably recommend other books, pamphlet material, magazine articles, etc. along similar lines.

AMERICA IS AMERICANS. By Hal Borland. Harpers, New York. 126 pp. 1942. \$1.75. A collection of epic prose-poems on American themes.

AMERICA SPEAKING. Edited by Olga Perschbacher and Dorothy Wilde. Scott, Foresman, Chicago. 469 pp. 1943. \$1.60. An anthology of expressions of fundamental American traditions from this nation's poetry and prose.

AMERICA WAS PROMISES. By Archibald MacLeish. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York. 20 pp. 1939. 75¢. A long epic poem by the American poet, essayist, and present Librarian of Congress.

THE AMERICAN CITIZENS HANDBOOK. Edited by Joy Elmer Morgan. National Education Association, Washington. 366 pp. 1941. \$1. The ideals which have inspired Americans from the Revolutionary War to the Second World War. Includes patriotic selections in poetry, song, speeches, etc.

A TREASURY OF DEMOCRACY. Edited by Norman Cousins. Coward-McCann, New York. 306 pp. 1942. \$3. A collection of basic writings on democracy, from the Greeks to the present.

DEMOCRACY DAYS. Edited by Hilah C. Paulmier and Robert Haven Schauffler. Dodd, Mead. 375 pp. 1942. \$2.50. Described on p. 15.

THE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT. Edited by Bernard Smith. 923 pp. 1941. \$3.75.

*Fundamental American expressions of democracy from the Mayflower Compact to WATCH ON THE RHINE.*

DON'T TREAD ON ME. By Janet Marsh. Houghton Mifflin, Boston. 269 pp. 1941. \$2. *Stories of man's eternal impulse toward democracy and freedom. Told not in terms of kings and great heroes, but of ordinary people at various stages of history.*

FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY. Edited by Wilhelmina Harper. E. P. Dutton, New York. 257 pp. 1942. \$2. *Stories about children who have played some part in the various crises of our country's history.*

FOREVER FREEDOM. Edited by Allan Nevins and Josiah C. Wedgewood. Penguin Books, New York. 222 pp. 1941. 25¢. *Brief quotations in prose and poetry on basic democratic themes.*

FOUNTAINHEADS OF FREEDOM. Edited by Irwin Edman and Herbert W. Schneider. Reynal and Hitchcock, New York. 576 pp. 1941. \$3.75. *Another collection of basic democratic writings. Includes a detailed analysis of the history of democracy.*

THE FREE COMPANY PRESENTS. Edited by James Boyd. Dodd, Mead, New York. 312 pp. 1941. \$2.00. *"A collection of plays about the meaning of America." Described on p. 15.*

FREEDOM, AMERICAN STYLE. By Alan F. Griffin. Henry Holt, New York. 184 pp. 1940. \$1. *An examination of the feeling for liberty which is a part of our national heritage. Not a historical or philosophic treatise.*

THE MURDER OF LIDICE. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harpers, New York. 32 pp. 1942. 60¢. *A poem of the destruction of the Czech village of Lidice by the Nazis.*

OF THE PEOPLE. Edited by Harry R. Warfel and Elizabeth W. Manwaring. Oxford University Press, New York. 699 pp. 1942. \$2.30. *Another anthology of American writing. Includes a radio script and a March of Time scenario.*

THE PATRIOTIC ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Carl Van Doren. Doubleday, New York. 527 pp. 1941. \$3. *An anthology, mostly verse, of traditional American writings on democracy.*

THE PATTERN OF FREEDOM. Edited by Bruce L. Richmond, Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 266 pp. 1940. \$2.50. *Brief quotations in prose and poetry of basic ideas on freedom.*

THE POCKET HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager. Pocket Books, New York. 502 pp. 1943. 25¢. *An introductory American history. (Other histories are equally useful.)*

THE POCKET BOOK OF AMERICA. Edited by Dorothy Thompson. Pocket Books, New York. 418 pp. 1942. 25¢. *Basic American documents, stories, essays, and poetry on democratic themes.*

SELECTED WORKS OF STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT. Farrar and Rinehart, New York. (2 col.) 970 pp. 1942. \$5. *The poetry and prose of this modern Ameri-*

*can poet. Includes such favorites as THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER and JOHN BROWN'S BODY.*

THE TREASURY STAR PARADE. Edited by William A. Bacher. Farrar and Rinehart, New York. 379 pp. 1942. \$2.50. *Representative scripts from the very effective radio series. Described on p. 16.*

THUS BE IT EVER. Edited by Clara A. Molendyk and Capt. Benjamin C. Edwards. Harpers, New York. 474 pp. 1942. \$2. (High School edition, 508 pp. \$1.60.) *A collection of readings on democracy. Mostly modern.*

WESTERN STAR. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Farrar and Rinehart, New York. 181 pp. 1943. \$2. *His last work. A prose poem on the founding of America.*

WE, THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY. By Marguerite Hall Albjerg and Frederic Butterfield Knight. Beckley-Cardy Company, Chicago. 194 pp. 1940. \$1.20. *A discussion of the Bill of Rights, suitable for grades 7-9. Traces the history of civil liberties from the Magna Carta to the present day.*

THE WHITE CLIFFS. By Alice Duer Miller. Coward-McCann, New York. 70 pp. 1940. \$1. *A poem about the Battle of Britain.*

#### A FEW BOOKS ON PLAYWRITING

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE ONE-ACT PLAY. By Percival Wilde. Little, Brown, Boston. 396 pp. 1923. \$3. *Perhaps the best discussion of the short form.*

OFFSTAGE. By Marguerite Fellows Melcher. Knopf, New York. 134 pp. 1938. \$1.50. *How to make plays from stories. For teachers and children.*

PLAYWRITING FOR PROFIT. By Arthur Edwin Krows. Grosset and Dunlap, New York. 549 pp. 1937. \$1.25. *An extremely practical handbook.*

WRITE THAT PLAY. By Kenneth Thorpe Rowe. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York. 418 pp. 1939. \$3. *Includes a detailed analysis of several one-act plays.*

# Six Tested War Savings Plays

## Message from Bataan\*

By BERNARD J. REINES

For Junior and Senior High Schools

NOTE.—This play is written in a form which permits very simple production, without scenery and with only a few props.

Some military costumes are indicated, but these may be sufficiently represented by the use of soldiers' hats and helmets alone.

(Even these costumes may be omitted, where not available, since the Narrator describes each setting and "places" the characters upon entrance. Where no costuming is used, it is all the more important that the military characters carry themselves like soldiers, upright and assured in bearing.)

The form of the play generally is that of the Our Town technique, used by Thornton Wilder in that distinguished drama; but it has antecedents at least as far back as the Elizabethan drama of Shakespeare and his fellow playwrights. It relies on the imagination of the audience to furnish out the scenery and many details of properties and costume.

Given a few proper directions, audiences never fail—particularly young audiences.

### Characters

NARRATOR.

BILL RAND, 24.

ALEC MARTENKO, about BILL's age.

CAPTAIN.

MR. RAND, middle-aged.

MRS. RAND, middle-aged.

JOHNNY RAND, 13.

STANLEY MARTENKO, about JOHNNY's age.

MARY MARTENKO, a couple of years younger.

SOLDIER.

SOLDIER, with a bandaged leg.

NURSE—U. S. Army (or if desired, a

DOCTOR may be used instead).

FILIPINO SOLDIER.

CAPTAIN IN THE BATAAN ARMY.

(Curtain rises on a bare stage. No scenery, no properties.) The NARRATOR enters, in well-worn clothes. He looks the audience over for a while before speaking.

NARRATOR (Speaks informally, plainly. He might be your corner grocer, or your letter-carrier, or your family doctor stopping to chat after a sickness in your family has been cared for successfully). Friends . . . fellow Americans . . . you're here to see a play about War Savings Stamps

and Bonds . . . and you will.

But this is not going to be a play about statistics, dollars, and cents . . . you know, so-many-and-so-many stamps and bonds will buy so-many-and-so-many bullets, rifles, tanks, airplanes.

Those statistics are mighty important, there's no denying. . . But right now all we aim to do is to give you just a little idea of what the war brought home to one American family, and particularly to one boy, Johnny Rand, when his brother Bill became a soldier. (He takes off his glasses, wipes them with a pocket handkerchief, and puts them in his pocket as he proceeds.)

But I'm getting a little ahead of myself. I just want to mention that in this play the scene shifts from places in a town right here in the U. S. A., 'way across the Pacific to the peninsula of Bataan in the Philippines, and back again, as necessary. But I'll be here between shifts, to keep things straight for you and to fill in with—I trust—helpful remarks.

And, oh yes . . . we don't aim to be realistic about the settings and such in this play. It would tie down our action too much and would be an expense we're not anxious to go to these days. . . . (With a mild chuckle) Rather put the money into War Savings Stamps and Bonds, of course. . . . And anyhow, it gives you a chance to use your imagination a bit, which can be much more fun.

One last thing before we begin . . . to give credit where credit is due. The name of the play is

MESSAGE FROM BATAAN. It is presented on behalf of the War Savings Program of the Treasury Department, and is acted for you by the-----  
-----under the direction of-----  
(He moves to downstage, left, and halts.)

All ready now. The first scene pretty much speaks for itself. The time is January 1941, almost a year before Pearl Harbor shot us into the war. But Congress has passed the Selective Service Act, and we're getting ready for what's ahead, in a slow sort of way.

Among the young fellers whose numbers have come up in the draft, are Johnny Rand's big brother Bill, and Bill's friend, Alec Martenko. They're in the other room there [indicating] just getting through with their various examinations. . . . I nearly forgot a very important point: both Bill and Alec have asked to be assigned to aviation cadet training. Both want to be flyers. . . . Here they come. . . .

(He takes a step or two, which brings him to extreme left downstage, and remains in view inconspicuously, leaning comfortably against the side and watching the action. . . . From right enter BILL RAND and ALEC MARTENKO. BILL is dark, thin, of medium height. ALEC is tall, blond, husky. Both are finishing dressing: ALEC is getting into his Army jacket, while BILL is still busy with his tie, jumblingly, before putting on his jacket. Both are excited.)

BILL: I hope I made it!

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ALEC: Keep your fingers crossed, Bill—for me, too.

BILL: You don't need it. If an athlete like you isn't good enough to be a pilot, the Army must be figuring on using Superman. . . . *(He pulls at his tie, which he has knotted badly, bunched.)* Say, Alec, I don't know what's the matter with me all of a sudden, but this tie just won't come out right. Will you make it for me?

ALEC: *(Smiling)* You're a little nervous, that's all. *(Low)* Confidentially, so am I. *(He sets to work on BILL's tie.)* Hold still.

BILL: *(Chin up)* If only we both made it. . . . It would be great to go to flying school together, and graduate together, and maybe get assigned to the same squadron.

ALEC: We went through high school together and State college together. Maybe our luck will hold. *(He pulls the knot tight.)* There.

BILL: *(Squirms and pulls it loose. Gasping)* You . . . almost choked me.

ALEC: *(Smiling)* I'm sorry, Bill. Guess I'm still nervous . . . Oh-Oh, it won't be long now. Here comes the Captain.

BILL: Quick, help me with my coat. *(ALEC helps him slip into it. As BILL buttons the first button, the CAPTAIN enters at right, carrying two large record cards which he is examining. BILL and ALEC straighten to attention and salute. The CAPTAIN automatically returns the salute, glances up for a moment, and studies the cards again. The others remain stiffly at attention, though BILL tries*

*surreptitiously—and nervously—to finish buttoning up.)*

CAPTAIN: *(Without looking up)* Better finish dressing, Rand. At ease, men.

BILL: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. *(Fumbling he buttons the rest of his jacket.)*

CAPTAIN: *(Looking up)* Private Martenko . . .

ALEC: *(Eagerly)* Yes, Captain?

CAPTAIN: You're a pretty nearly perfect physical specimen. Tests and educational background satisfactory . . . You are recommended for aviation flight training.

ALEC: Thank you, sir! That's great, sir! Thank you, sir!

CAPTAIN: *(With a smile)* I heard you the first time.

ALEC: *(Subsiding)* Yes, Sir.

CAPTAIN: Private Rand . . .

RAND: *(After a moment, tensely)* Y-yes, sir?

CAPTAIN: In your case, it was found that your vision does not meet the minimum requirements. You are not acceptable for aviation training.

BILL: But I played with Alec—Alec and I have been—*(He stops. With great disappointment.)* Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN: *(After looking him over for a moment)* In the Army, Rand, every service is important. We're a great machine—but if one little cog is missing, or not functioning properly, it throws the whole works out of gear.

BILL: *(Low)* Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN: Every place in the Army is a place of honor. I'll admit there's little glory or glamor in many of them . . . but without the more routine services—the dull, dirty work, if you choose—there'd be mighty few

heroes . . . and mighty little chance for victory.

BILL: I . . . guess that's so, sir.

CAPTAIN: *(Examining the record card)* You were in charge of the delivery service for a department store, eh . . . *(Looking up)* Rather young to be head of a department. You must have been pretty good at it.

ALEC: Excuse me, Captain . . . but he really has brains. Got terrific marks at State college. . . .

CAPTAIN: *(Dryly)* Thank you, Martenko . . . Rand, you'll be assigned to service with the . . . Quartermaster Corps.

BILL: *(After a pause, disappointed)* The Quartermaster Corps . . .

ALEC: *(Under his breath, with disgust)* The Quartermaster Corps . . .

CAPTAIN: *(Sharply)* I haven't time now to tell you about the importance of the Quartermaster Corps. You'll discover that for yourself. I'll just say that we're eventually going to have a huge army . . . and keeping it properly supplied will call for the best brains we can muster. That's all now.

BILL and ALEC: *(Saluting)* Yes, sir. *(CAPTAIN returns salute and goes off right. BILL and ALEC go slowly toward left, and halt just left of center. BILL is downcast. ALEC is also depressed, on BILL's account.)*

ALEC: Tough luck, Bill.

BILL: *(Low)* I guess the Army knows what it's doing. Must be all I'm good for . . . The Quartermaster Corps. . . .

ALEC: Maybe when they see what a great job you do, they'll put you into something else.

BILL: Oh, well, we can't all be heroes . . . *(Turning)* so I guess that part's up to you. *(Offering his hand)* The best of luck, Alec.

ALEC: *(Shaking hands)* Thanks, Bill . . . and the same to you. Between us we'll make this a man's army. So long.

BILL: So long. *(ALEC goes off right.)* . . . *(To himself)* Wait till they hear about this back-home . . . *(With disgust.)* The Quartermaster Corps . . . *(He goes slowly off left.)*

NARRATOR: *(Moving toward center)* They heard about it back home soon enough. Alec wrote his folks as soon as he got to his assigned post—Randolph Field, the big aviation training center in Texas. Bill wrote from a camp down south. Both were a long way from home. . . . I don't know how Alec's folks took it, but I imagine they reacted like most parents. The father proud and pleased, the mother proud too, but also a little worried. You know how mothers are. . . . Over at the Rand home, though, I know just what went on. I drop in pretty often. Bill's dad was more than a little disappointed, though he tried not to show it.

*(MR. RAND enters at left, halts after two or three steps, and addresses himself earnestly to the NARRATOR.)*

MR. RAND: Without the Quartermaster Corps, you couldn't have an army . . . *(To the audience)* Without the Quartermaster Corps, you couldn't have an army. *(He looks at the NARRATOR challengingly.)*

NARRATOR: *(Nodding)* That's right, Mr.



Rand, we certainly couldn't. (*Partially satisfied, MR. RAND goes off left.*)

NARRATOR: That's what he'll keep saying, whenever the subject came up. As for Mrs. Rand, she felt somewhat relieved.

(*MRS. RAND enters at left.*)

MRS. RAND: Bill's a delicate boy. I'm glad he's not in dangerous work . . . (*With a worried wrinkle*) I hope he doesn't overstrain himself lifting things. (*She nods to the NARRATOR and goes off left.*)

NARRATOR: As I said, they're like most parents . . . But it's young Johnny Rand I'd like you to know about particularly. Johnny and his big brother were pals—real pals. Bill never went to a baseball game without Johnny. And when Bill was a substitute pitcher on his college team, he'd always send Johnny tickets and train fare for week-end games. State college was only a couple of hours away by train. Never missed once . . . There were all kinds of other things, too—so many of the little things that, when they exist, go to make that rather wonderful bond . . . between brother and brother.

One of these things was: Whenever Bill wrote home—from college or anywhere—he'd always send along a special letter for Johnny, in a separate envelope, separately addressed to "John Rand, Esquire." And in his first letter after being assigned to the Quartermaster Corps, Bill tried to break the news gently, even kidding a little. But to Johnny it wasn't funny. You can see for your-

selves . . . Here comes Johnny from the house right now . . .

(*NARRATOR quietly returns to his place at extreme left downstage. JOHNNY enters slowly from left, looking unhappy as he reads a letter out loud. He halts a little left of center.*)

JOHNNY: ". . . and so now that I'm in the Quartermaster Corps—without which our Army would starve to death and freeze to death, or rather, down south here, bake to death in the open sun—I'm really beginning to appreciate the importance of supplies, and of the money to pay for them. Between us, Johnny, you and I have built up a pretty good postage stamp collection . . ."

NARRATOR: (*Quietly, to audience*) That's one more of those little things I referred to.

JOHNNY: (*Reading on*) "Now it's time to start collecting—buying War Stamps. If you and the rest of the folks back home don't buy plenty of War Stamps and Bonds, I may be out of a job soon. No supplies, no work for the Quartermaster Corps. So don't let me down . . . Seriously, though, Johnny, my job is important, even though in it I'll never get a chance to be a hero. That part may be up to you some day, though it will be a hero of peace, I hope . . . Write me about everything you do and everything that goes on out your way. As always, your pal . . . Bill." (*He folds the letter slowly and puts it back in the envelope. Then, with disgust*): In the Quartermaster Corps . . . (*He stands there*

*motionless, depressed, his gaze on the ground.*)

NARRATOR: To Johnny the news is bad enough in itself. But watch what happens when Alec Martenko's younger brother Stanley comes out of his house—they live just across the street from each other. The girl with Stanley is his sister Mary. (*Lowering his voice just a little*) She always sort of liked Johnny . . . Here they are.

(*STANLEY enters from right, followed by MARY. STANLEY is about JOHNNY's age, but bigger and domineering. MARY is about 10 or 11, and sweet. STANLEY is almost dancing for joy.*)

STANLEY: (*Rapidly, rushing to him*) Johnny! Did you hear the news?

JOHNNY: (*Spiritlessly*) Hi, Stanley.

STANLEY: My brother Alec is a pilot! We just had a letter from him. Isn't that something! My brother Alec is a pilot!

JOHNNY: Not yet, he isn't. He's only been accepted for training so far. You won't know for months yet.

STANLEY: (*Scornfully*) Go on, once you're accepted, you're practically sure of becoming a pilot. They won't take you unless you're mighty good . . . I'll bet Alec comes back a hero . . . with a dozen medals . . . I'll bet he'll give me one, if I ask him—for a souvenir. (*This is too much for JOHNNY. He turns away as if to leave.*) Wait a minute, Johnny . . . (*With a touch of superiority*) I hear your brother didn't make out so well.

JOHNNY: (*Turning back, low*) No.

STANLEY: (*Patronizingly*) Not everybody is good enough to fly a plane. You can't tell, maybe Bill will get to be an officer (*With a touch of contempt*) in the Quartermaster Corps. Anyhow, he'll never have to face danger . . . the way a pilot has to.

JOHNNY: (*Holy, ready to fight*) My brother could be a pilot too—and a real hero—if not for his eyes. They told him it was just his eyes that weren't good enough—otherwise he'd make a fine pilot!

STANLEY: (*Towering over JOHNNY*) All right, all right, don't try to act tough with me. My brother's going to be a flyer—and yours is going to stay nice and safe, buying food and supplies for my brother. That's how it is . . . and if you don't like it—(*He pauses and glares challengingly at JOHNNY.*)

MARY: (*Stepping between them. Sharply*) Stanley! You know what Pa said about fighting. If he catches you just once more—

STANLEY: Oh, all right (*Mockingly*) The Quartermaster Corps . . . (*He goes off right. JOHNNY remains glaring after him.*)

MARY: (*Gently*) Don't mind what Stanley said, Johnny. He can be an awful dope when he tries.

JOHNNY: I guess . . . he said only what was so.

MARY: Any fool ought to know that the Quartermaster Corps is one of the most important parts in the whole Army! Don't they . . . (*Uncertainly*) buy the food . . . and the uniforms . . . and the . . . beds? . . .

JOHNNY: (*Looks at her a moment in*



humiliation. Then, savagely) Yes, . . . sure . . . the beds. (He rushes off left.)

MARY: (Taking a step after him; sympathetically) Johnny . . . (She stops, turns, and goes sadly off right.)

NARRATOR: As the months of 1941 passed, Alec Martenko finished his training passing with the mark of "Excellent," and became Flight Lieutenant Alexander D. Martenko, Air Corps, United States Army. Letters from him then began to arrive with postmarks from different fields in the U. S. A. . . . till one day in the fall the postmark read: "Territory of Hawaii." . . . Bill Rand, too, finished his basic training in the United States . . . Then, late in the summer of 1941, a letter from him arrived postmarked: "Philippine Commonwealth." Both boys were in service in the Pacific.

And so things stood . . . until that date no American will ever forget . . . December 7, 1941 . . . and Pearl Harbor. A few hours after the treacherous bombs fell on Hawaii, more of the same blasted the Philippines, as a Japanese invasion expedition in overwhelming force made landings there and advanced, slowly but continually, against the American and Filipino forces on the peninsula of Bataan. (Pause.)

I don't have to tell you much about Bataan, I'm sure. Who can ever forget the brave stand our boys—and the fighting Filipinos—put up against the overwhelming might of the enemy? After the first Jap air attacks we had only a handful of fighting planes left,

against hundreds of Japanese machines . . . a handful of tanks, against scores of Jap tanks . . . Our combined American and Filipino troops were outnumbered six to one, eight to one, even ten to one . . . But our men under General MacArthur dug in across Bataan Peninsula, in wild hill and jungle country . . . and held that line. Held it through January of 1942, though the Japs hurled masses of men and steel against us . . . Held it through February, though the Japs launched even more might against us . . . Held it through March, as the Japs frantically rushed reinforcements to the islands for one tremendous final drive . . .

Our boys on Bataan knew it was coming . . . knew too that their country, caught unprepared and off guard, would not be able to relieve them in time. But often their eyes turned toward the sea, the gateway from America . . . And they knew that our might and our fury, though mustered too late to save them, would in the not far future, come rolling over the Pacific, and the shell-scarred flag of freedom they kept flying over Corregidor would be back there in greater glory . . . thanks to them!

(Pause. NARRATOR takes out a big handkerchief and wipes his face before resuming.)

I guess I got worked up a bit. Always I got to me, every time I think of the heroes of Bataan . . . Speaking of heroes reminds me . . . I'd better get back to Johnny's brother

Bill, of the Quartermaster Corps, and to Flight Lieutenant Martenko, of the Air Corps . . . Both were serving in the Philippines when the Japs unleashed their war machine against us. But the Philippines are a big place—the islands cover a 3,000-mile stretch of the Pacific—and as it happened, Bill and Alec met for the first time there only a week before Pearl Harbor. They had quite a reunion—on 48 hours leave in Manila—and arranged to meet again the month after, on Christmas leave . . . But then came December 7 . . . and the next time they met, it was in a roughly built hut on a jungle-screened hillside on Bataan . . . And by the irony of modern war—as if to show you never can tell—the flyer Alec Martenko, along with other members of the Air Corps whose planes were destroyed in the first Japanese attacks, had to serve as an ordinary infantryman with a rifle, with no chance to be a hero in the air . . . while Johnny's brother Bill and his fellow quartermasters were among the men who had the most difficult assignments and ran the greatest risks. For the quartermasters on Bataan had a job that kept them too busy even to fire a rifle . . . the job of feeding our Army, keeping it as sheltered as possible, running up supplies of oil and gasoline for our scout cars and motorcycles. This was their job in a country mostly dominated by the enemy . . . and most of it had to be done under the enemy's fire.

The quartermasters brought up all the available rice and cattle from the

Filipino farmers, as long as that was possible. Then, during the slow retreat to Bataan, they scoured the countryside for every grain of rice, every edible wild vegetable or root, every wild pig or other animal at all fit to eat. When salt gave out, they got a new supply . . . by distilling water from the ocean. At night they slipped through the Japanese lines to carry on their search for supplies, got back safely—in most cases—snatched a few minutes' sleep . . . and started all over again. Meantime, day and night, Japanese shells came over, and Japanese bombs dropped death.

With the beginning of April, the Japanese heavy reinforcements were ready, and their "big push" began. They came over in masses, day and night, with tanks shielding them in front and bombers blasting a path for them. Our men had for months been on short rations; now they had even less to eat. For months they had gone with little sleep; now they could hardly sleep at all, as the Japanese cannon kept roaring, night and day.

As for the quartermasters, they became even busier, if that was possible . . . searching for scarce food, repairing damaged supplies, delivering what they could to our units under fire.

(He goes slowly toward right.)

No stage play could ever hope to show you what it was like on Bataan, those fierce first days of April. Here, just try to imagine a typical camp of a small American Army unit, on a hillside screened by jungle trees and shrubbery.

(He goes off right, and returns in a moment with a little hay or straw from a box just offstage. He puts bits of hay down on two or three spots on the right half of the stage, steps off right again, and returns with a burlap bag, which he unfolds and spreads like a sleeping-mat along right rear. Lastly, he brings in a few small rocks, which he arranges like a tiny fireplace a little left of center.)

NARRATOR: Try to imagine a crude hut . . . shells bursting far and near, almost without a break . . . Jap planes in great numbers overhead, dropping bombs and spattering machine-gun fire . . . Japanese snipers concealed in trees in the distance, letting go every few minutes, each "ping!" a messenger of possible death or damage to an American or Filipino soldier . . .

Then night falls . . . (As the NARRATOR continues, an exhausted American SOLDIER, in a wrinkled, ragged uniform, with torn shoes, comes in from right, takes off his helmet, and drops down on the burlap bag, where he tries to fall asleep. But he can't, and only tosses restlessly, turning from side to side, then putting his hands to his ears as if to shut out the noise of gunfire. Meantime, the NARRATOR has continued speaking.)

NARRATOR: But the terrific shelling by Japanese guns continues doing little damage in the darkness, but wearing our men down. (He remains watching the SOLDIER pityingly for a few moments.)

SOLDIER: (Sitting up, despairingly) It's no use . . . If those Jap guns would

lay off for only an hour . . . (He rises, picks up his helmet, and drags himself off right. The NARRATOR watches him go, pityingly, then turns again to the audience.)

NARRATOR: Day and night, American Army doctors and nurses are busy caring for the wounded . . .

(A SOLDIER with a bandaged leg wound comes limping along from left, leaning on an Army NURSE. They cross slowly, the soldier unwillingly; he turns his head two or three times, as if trying to get back to his post. The NURSE is gentle but firm with him. She leads him off right.)

NARRATOR: Those doctors and nurses worked miracles on Bataan . . . and even the wounded tried to keep on fighting . . . (Pause. He turns to right.) This is the camp to which Bill Rand is assigned. Alec Martenko is at a post only a mile away, not far from the sea . . . It's cool here this night. A Filipino soldier comes inside to warm himself at the tiny, screened fire.

(FILIPINO soldier in ragged khaki shorts enters from left and squats near the stones, holding out his hands over the imaginary fire.)

NARRATOR: And here's Alec Martenko . . . Strange hour to come visiting, I must say. . . .

(ALEC enters at right. His uniform is dirty, wrinkled, frayed. His left arm is bandaged near the shoulder. He is very tired.)

ALEC: Hello. (The FILIPINO starts to rise. He is only a private.) Don't get up. We need all that's left of our energy for the Japs. (The FILI-

PINO smiles wearily and stays seated. ALEC, standing, bends a little and warms his hands at the fire.)

ALEC: Seen Sergeant Rand . . . Bill Rand, of the Quartermaster Corps?

FILIPINO: (Smiling warmly at mention of the name) Bill Rand my pal. Went look for food . . . out there. (He gestures to left.)

ALEC: Is he gone long?

FILIPINO: 'Most two hours. (Worried) Too long. (Shakes his head) Too long.

ALEC: (Glancing at his wrist watch) I can't stay more than a few minutes. (He goes toward left, halts near the side and peers out into the darkness.) FILIPINO: (Troubled) Bill went through Jap lines. Gone long . . . Don't like.

ALEC: He's your pal, is he?

FILIPINO: My pal. All quartermasters work hard. Bill, he work most too hard. Number one quartermaster.

ALEC: (Fervently) I hope he comes through. (He glances at his wrist watch again, then peers out left—and suddenly strains his neck forward as if he sees something. But he is mistaken, evidently, for he shakes his head in disappointment, and turns.) This is one time I particularly didn't want to miss him. (He starts toward right.) But I'm afraid—

(A CAPTAIN enters from right, in a worn uniform, very tired. The FILIPINO rises. He and ALEC salute. The CAPTAIN returns it.)

ALEC: Lieutenant Martenko of the Air Corps, sir. I was looking for a friend, Sergeant Rand.

CAPTAIN: Isn't he back yet? I don't

like that. We've lost a good many quartermasters lately. Can't afford it.

ALEC: If he . . . when he gets back, sir, will you tell him I was here . . . and may not be able to see him for . . . quite some time, sir.

CAPTAIN: (Gazing at him keenly for a moment) I'll be glad to, Lieutenant. (Troubled) But he should have been back before now. (He gazes off left anxiously.)

ALEC: (After a last intense stare out into the jungle) Well . . . goodbye, sir.

(He salutes. CAPTAIN and FILIPINO return the salute. Just as he is about to step out of sight, BILL enters from left, wearily. His uniform is torn and dirty; the trousers are rolled up above the knees. He carries a small armful of vegetable roots, which he drops wearily to the ground at left of the stones.)

CAPTAIN: (Happily) Sergeant Rand! (ALEC turns at these words.) Glad to see you back. We were afraid that this time . . . (He does not finish.)

FILIPINO: (His face has lighted up at sight of BILL; grinning happily) Much afraid . . .

ALEC: (Going to him) Hello, Bill. Just in time.

BILL: Hello, Alec.

FILIPINO: (Picking up the roots) I take these to wash.

BILL: Thanks, Joe. (To CAPTAIN) All I could find, sir, were a few roots.

CAPTAIN: They can be eaten, which is something. Well, better try to catch some sleep. (He goes off right. The FILIPINO also off right, carrying the roots. BILL, worn out, drops down

beside the fireplace and holds out his hands, rubbing to get the stiffness out of them.)

BILL: What brings you over tonight, Alec?

ALEC: (After a pause) Bill . . . have you any letters written to your folks back home?

BILL: (Surprised at the question) Yes—to pop and ma. Everybody here writes home in our spare time . . . though we hardly expect the letters will get there. It makes us feel in touch, somehow. . . . Alec, do you think the folks back home realize what we go through? Can they appreciate what this war is like?

ALEC: It's hard to, unless you're right in it. We've got to give them time, I guess. (He glances at his wrist watch.) If you'll let me have your letters, Bill . . . I'll try to get them through.

BILL: (Amazed) Get them through? How can you—? (He breaks off, and looks at him intently.) Oh . . . I think I know. You . . . I won't be seeing you for a while, will I?

ALEC: (Rapidly) That's it, Bill. Bataan is almost finished—for this time. Headquarters is trying to get out as many men as possible, under cover of darkness—to Australia, to carry on the fight from there. But we've only a few boats, and fewer planes, and headquarters is taking mostly aviation personnel. They figure we're the ones who can do the most damage to the Japs, once we get back into planes. . . . If I get through, I'll mail your letters from Australia.

BILL: (After a moment, quietly)

Thanks, Alec. (He rises and goes to upper right corner, where he stoops and comes up with an envelope, thick with paper inside.) Here you are, Alec. There are a couple of long letters inside—it's my last envelope.

ALEC: (Taking it) If I get through, these will.

BILL: Thanks. (He puts out his hand.) Well, this is it—Wait, Alec. Can you give me a couple of minutes? I almost forgot—there's no letter for my brother Johnny in there . . . and he and I were such pals . . .

ALEC: (Glancing at his watch) For Johnny? Sure, go ahead. I'll have to trot part way, that's all. Go ahead.

(BILL goes to corner again and comes back with a small piece of brown wrapping paper, wrinkled and irregularly torn.)

BILL: This will have to do for stationery. I'll make it short. (He sits near the fireplace. After a few moments' thought, he starts writing rapidly. Soon he is finished, and rises.)

BILL: (As ALEC hands him the envelope and he folds and inserts the "letter" for JOHNNY) It wouldn't be fair to send letters to the others, and not write Johnny a . . . last . . . message from Bataan.

ALEC: (Trying to seem cheerful) It certainly wouldn't.

BILL: If I . . . don't get the chance, Alec . . . and you get leave to go home . . . will you tell them about me . . . and that . . . being in the Quartermaster Corps was—(Quickly) is . . . quite a job?

ALEC: Don't worry, I'll tell them . . . everything.

BILL: (Putting out his hand, seemingly cheerfully) Well then, this is . . . so long, pal.

ALEC: (Taking his hand) So long, Bill.

BILL: Till . . . the next time.

ALEC: (With a smile) Right.

(They look at each other in silence. Then ALEC turns and goes off right.

BILL watches him for two or three moments, then turns and slowly goes off left . . . The NARRATOR walks over and picks up the stones, takes them just offstage right, and returns at once.)

NARRATOR: Bill caught his forty winks, then was back on the job again. Alec and the others tried to run the Japanese gauntlet, heading for Australia . . . Meantime, back home in the U. S. A. . . . (He goes to extreme left and without stepping out of sight picks up two plain chairs from just offstage. He places them in a horizontal line, a few feet apart, facing diagonally forward and slightly toward each other, but both within the left half of the stage. He gets third chair similarly, and puts it downstage left. Then he turns to the audience.) . . . the Rand family, like millions of other American families, closely followed the newspaper and radio accounts of the Battle of Bataan. The Rand family, like thousands of other American families, had a special personal interest in Bataan . . .

Their Bill was fighting there . . .

In the Rand home, the family has finished supper. Mr. Rand heads for the living room. He tries not to show it, but if you look closely, you can see the worry in his eyes.

(MR. RAND enters from left, newspaper in hand. He may be wearing house slippers and a simple smoking-jacket or lounging-robe. There is an unlighted pipe in his mouth. He takes the chair farthest right, and starts reading his paper. The news makes him frown. . . . JOHNNY enters from left, drying his hands on a handkerchief. He is depressed.)

MR. RAND: (Without looking up) Dishes dried, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Yes, Dad.

(Slowly he goes to the chair down left, picks up a schoolbook on it, and starts to study. But he finds it difficult to concentrate. Every little while, he looks up and tries to read the back page of the newspaper. . . . MRS. RAND enters with a Red Cross bag, seats herself to left of her husband, and quietly proceeds to make bandages.)

MRS. RAND: What's the news, Fred?

MR. RAND: (Shaking his head) It's not good. (He reads. JOHNNY sits up and listens intently.) . . . "Fresh troops thrown into the battle of Bataan by the Japanese today clawed their way farther into the stubbornly defended positions of the American-Filipino forces. Beginning the fourth day of almost ceaseless pounding of the center of General Wainwright's line, the Japanese were aided by using aerial bombardments and strafing as well as intense artillery fire . . . Losses were heavy today on both sides." (He lowers the paper and looks into space.)

JOHNNY: (Rising and walking across the

room nervously) If we could only do something to help them.

MR. RAND: I'm afraid it's too late to do much for Bataan, Johnny. We were caught unprepared. But if we don't want to see the same thing happen again and again . . . we've got a big job to do.

JOHNNY: What?

MR. RAND: You and mother and I can't be soldiers with guns . . . but we can cut down on things we use, wear and eat that are more important for our fighting men than for us. We can work harder in war production . . . in your case, study harder, to make yourself more useful to your country. We can collect scrap metal and rubber and rags, to supply our war industries. We can buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds, to help our Government pay for the tremendous amount of equipment our fighting forces need. (JOHNNY looks sullen.) What's the matter son. Don't you think that's so?

JOHNNY: I . . . I'm thinking . . . there's Bill fighting against thousands of Japs on Bataan . . . (Bitterly) and here people talk about things like scrap metal and War Savings Stamps . . .

MRS. RAND: (Sadly but earnestly) That's just why, Johnny. The more we at home do, the better our boys will be equipped . . . and the sooner they won't have to face such terrible odds. It means saving so many lives . . .

(JOHNNY is unconvinced. He goes sadly back to his chair. They all remain motionless—not stiff but nat-

ural—while the NARRATOR speaks.)

NARRATOR: A few more days dragged by, with the news worse and worse. Then this evening, after supper, the Rands are again in the living room.

MR. RAND: Johnny.

JOHNNY: Yes, dad?

MR. RAND: Turn on the radio.

JOHNNY: Okay. (He goes to upper left, and with a snap of the wrist turns on an imaginary radio. He remains there, waiting a few moments for the radio to warm up. Soon he turns an imaginary knob slightly, and from just off stage comes a radio voice. If no microphone or loudspeaker is available, a radio illusion can be secured by having someone a little off stage speak through a small megaphone.)

RADIO ANNOUNCER: . . . bringing you the latest news. (Pause.)

COMMENTATOR: Well . . . (With a catch in his voice) "Bataan has fallen. (The listeners start. The news, though not unexpected, causes a shock.)

Filipino and American troops of this war-ravaged, blood-stained peninsula have laid down their arms.

With heads bloody, but unbowed, they have yielded to the superior force and numbers of the enemy.

The world will long remember the epic struggle the Filipinos and Americans put up in the jungle fastness and along the rugged Bataan coastline. They have stood up without complaint under the constant and grueling fire of the enemy for more than 3 months.

Besieged on land and blockaded from the sea, cut off from all sources of help, these intrepid fighters have

borne all that human endurance could bear.

But what sustained them through all these months of incessant battle was a force more than physical.

It was the thought of their native land and all that it holds that is most dear to them, the thought of freedom and dignity, and pride in these most priceless of all human prerogatives."

(Pause . . . the dispatch is finished.

JOHNNY turns the radio off and slowly goes to his chair. MR. RAND rises and goes to MRS. RAND; he puts his hand on her shoulder. She has taken out a handkerchief, and brings it to her eyes for just a moment. JOHNNY stands by his chair with clenched fists. They remain this way, motionless, as the NARRATOR speaks.)

NARRATOR: Not long afterward came a telegram from the Secretary of War. (He puts on a pair of glasses and unfolds a telegram taken from his pocket. The others look at him, and listen intently as he reads.) . . . "I regret to inform you that your son, Sergeant William Rand, has been reported as missing in action . . ."

MR. RAND: (To his wife, consolingly, as the NARRATOR takes off his glasses and puts the telegram away) Bill's probably been taken prisoner, Mother, that's all. There were thousands of prisoners. (She nods, rises, and with him goes off left. JOHNNY waits a moment, then follows.)

NARRATOR: It seems Alec Martenko got through. For soon to the Rand address came those last letters from Bill . . . for mother, for father . . .

and for Johnny . . . (JOHNNY enters from left excitedly, reading BILL's letter to himself. Finishing he remains staring at the brown paper, wide-eyed.)

NARRATOR: The Martenkos are pretty much excited too. You remember Stanley and Mary . . . (STANLEY and MARY rush in from right.)

STANLEY: Gee, Johnny—we just got a long letter from Alec! He's safe in Australia!

MARY: (Softly) He says your brother Bill was a real hero. (She notices the paper in JOHNNY's hands.) Did you hear from him? (JOHNNY nods.)

STANLEY: (Respectfully) He's a hero, all right . . . What did he say?

JOHNNY: (After a pause, swallows hard, and begins to read slowly) "Dear Johnny: This may be my last letter to you for a while. Excuse the paper . . . and I'm sorry I can't send it to you in a separate envelope as usual, but this is my last envelope . . . When Alec Martenko gets home for a visit, he can tell you a lot about the fighting that wasn't in the papers. All I want to say to you is, we're doing our best, here on Bataan. But the odds against us are terrific . . . and we can't expect help from the States in time to save our position. We can't expect help, because our country was not well enough prepared, and has to fight across the Atlantic as well as the Pacific, and hasn't yet turned out enough weapons and trained men to break through the Japanese forces. (Pause) Which means there's a big job for you back home to do . . . a job for every one

of you, man and woman, boy and girl. For our workers there's the job of turning out the finest planes, tanks, guns . . . turning out more of them, turning them out faster, better. For our farmers there's the job of raising more food. For everybody, and especially for fellows and girls too young to fight or do heavy work, there's the job of collecting all the scrap metal that's lying around, all the old rubber, and rags, and tin, and turning it in to be made into weapons.

(Pause) "And . . . your stamp collection, Johnny . . . as I wrote before, how is it? You young fellows and girls can't fight or work in war industries yet . . . but whatever else you do, you can buy War Savings

Stamps and Bonds, and keep on buying, and buying, and buying . . . and so lend your country the money it needs to pay for so many planes and ships and tanks and guns that we soldiers and sailors and flyers will never again be caught short by our enemies. That, Johnny, is the lesson of Bataan . . . or maybe I should just say, our message from Bataan.

"So long for now . . . and the best of luck.

"Your pal . . . Bill."

(Pause. The three look thoughtful; then determined, they turn toward the audience.)

NARRATOR: I guess that's it, friends. The rest . . . is up to you.

THE END

## Something Really Super\*

BY MARJORIE REA

For Junior and Senior High Schools

### Characters

PAULINE SCOTT, 15. High School Sophomore. Rather self-centered.

DAVID SCOTT, 17. Senior. President of the School Council. Generally serious-minded.

MARION, 16. Junior. The efficient type.

JIM, 16. Editor of the school paper, "The Breeze." (And rather a clown at heart.)

MRS. SCOTT, fortyish. Busy with war work.

JULIETTE BROSE, about 25. The foreign maid at the Scott home. Attractive looking. Speaks with trace of foreign accent.

HENRI, a small boy of five or six.

TIME: The present.

SETTING: Dining room of the Scott home. (A telephone on a desk at one side of the room.) A clock, set so that the play ends just before one o'clock. A table in center, with chairs for six.

AT RISE: MRS. SCOTT is busy at the telephone, DAVID is making notes in his notebook and reading the morning paper; PAULINE is putting paper napkins around the table, rearranging a bowl of flowers or colored leaves—

and putting a flag in the center of the bowl.)

MRS. SCOTT: (Into 'phone) Well, that's just awfully nice of you, Mrs. Bartlett. Five dozen cookies . . . and you'll have them at the Service Center by five, today? Thanks so much. . . . Goodbye. (She crosses a name off her list, thumbs through some notes, looks up telephone numbers, and generally busies herself at her desk.)

PAULINE: We're having hot chocolate, David . . . and lots of yummy sandwiches. And pumpkin pies with whipped cream! Doesn't that sound marvelous?

DAVID: (Not looking up) Uh-huh . . . (Gloomily) Gosh . . . I wish I could figure out some way. (JULIETTE comes in with plates and cups for the table.)

PAULINE: (Importantly) Juliette, you'll be sure to wear your white cap when you serve us this noon, won't you?

JULIETTE: (Surprised) But . . . I am leaving at one, Miss Pauline. Will your friends be here for lunch before then?

PAULINE: (Insistent) Oh, but Juliette, you can't! This is an important

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meeting of our Student Council. (*Indignantly*) I won't have any time to clear the table, or wash dishes!

MRS. SCOTT: Pauline . . . please! Don't be so loud. What's the matter?

JULIETTE: (*Swiftly*) Madame remembers that I asked for this afternoon free—instead of Thursday, this week?

MRS. SCOTT: Of course, Juliette. (*JULIETTE leaves*)

PAULINE: But *mother!* My luncheon for the committee!

MRS. SCOTT: Well . . . can't you manage yourself? When are they coming?

PAULINE: Any time now. But . . . I didn't think we'd eat *right* away.

MRS. SCOTT: You'd better, if you want Juliette to serve you! I told her she could leave at one o'clock.

PAULINE: (*Disgruntled*) Oh dear! I don't see why she couldn't stay just a little longer. I'll feel so silly, clearing off the table myself!

MRS. SCOTT: Oh, it won't hurt you, for once. (*Leaves room*)

PAULINE: Isn't that just too *mean* of Juliette, David! When I wanted everything perfect . . . I mean, because you're president, of course! I suppose she's got a date for a movie this afternoon. And . . . listen . . . just yesterday I gave her a perfectly good blouse of mine! That's gratitude for you.

DAVID: (*Not looking up*) Yeah. . . . I know. You mean that blouse you spilled the purple ink on?

PAULINE: What's in the paper?

DAVID: Oh . . . I was just trying to dig up an idea for tonight . . . but . . .

nothing clicks. I can't get in the groove.

MRS. SCOTT: (*Coming in, putting on her hat and gloves*) Well, children. I hope your little party goes off all right.

DAVID: (*Protesting*) Jeepers, it isn't a party, Mom! It's a darn serious committee meeting. This food stuff—that was Pauline's idea.

MRS. SCOTT: Oh? Well . . . what's it about David?

DAVID: (*Seriously*) You see, we're putting on a big campaign to double the War Stamps sales, at school. And since tonight is the big football dance . . .

PAULINE: (*Importantly*) And the admission, you see, mother, is to be a quarter War Stamp for each person . . .

MRS. SCOTT: Really? Well, that ought to sell quite a few.

DAVID: Oh, but not *enough*, Mom! Holy Mackerel . . . we're 'way behind the other schools in town!

PAULINE: We're the lowest, according to the school papers! I'm so ashamed of us! (*Sighs*) I just wish I had a larger allowance . . . so I could buy more Stamps myself. But . . . school lunches take so much . . . and . . . by the time . . .

MRS. SCOTT: Oh, by the way, Dave . . . Dad said this morning he'd pay you two dollars if you'd get those storm windows up today. He's afraid of a sudden cold spell.

DAVID: *Today?* Gosh, how can I, with all I've got to do! If he knew how 'busy I was!

SOUND: (*Telephone rings. MRS. SCOTT answers and talks in low tone.*)

PAULINE: I wonder if we could sell some Stamps to Juliette, David! (*She rings the table bell. JULIETTE enters.*) Juliette . . . our school is having a War Stamps campaign. I wonder . . . don't you think maybe you should be helping with the war, by buying Stamps too?

JULIETTE: (*Looks fixedly at her*) I buy. (*Turns and walks out*)

PAULINE: There, you see, David? It's people like that who ought to be helping pay for the war! I bet she thinks I was talking about *postage* stamps!

DAVID: Oh skip it, Pauline. She doesn't get enough money to buy Bonds. Leave her alone . . . me eye!

MRS. SCOTT: (*Hanging up receiver*) Now . . . what were we talking about. Oh yes . . . you're trying to think of something to start off the sales campaign with a bang, tonight, aren't you, David?

DAVID: Uh-huh. But . . . (*Opens paper*) you know . . . (*Wistfully*) if I could just get somebody important to come and talk—somebody like this aviator in the paper this morning. (*MRS. SCOTT and PAULINE move over to look at the paper with him.*) All the *super* experiences he's had, bombing German factories and everything! Gee, hearing him would certainly inspire anybody to buy a lot of War Stamps!

MRS. SCOTT: (*Reading*) M. Georges de Clercq . . . Belgian aviator . . . with the R. A. F. . . . visiting relatives . . . luncheon in his honor today at the

home of Mr. Jacques Herman, the Belgian Consul. . . . (*Straightens up*) Why Davey, I've met that Mr. Herman. He's awfully nice. (*Impulsively*) Why don't you telephone him? Maybe you could get him to bring this aviator to your dance tonight . . . for a few minutes. And then if he'd just make a short speech . . . why . . .

DAVID: (*Radiant*) Gee, Mom, you really think he might? (*Races for the 'phone, looks up the number, dials, and talks in low tone.*)

PAULINE: It won't hurt to ask, anyway! And it would be simply creamy, wouldn't it, mother! (*Thrilled*) The other kids on the committee will simply *pop*, they'll be so thrilled! (*Looks at clock*) Heavens, they ought to be here any minute now. (*Wheeling*) Oh mother, if we ate right away, maybe Juliette would be able to clear off the table. If she'd only just stay a little longer, I'd be glad to pay her something from my own allowance. It's so *humiliating* to think of having to do the dishes, after my own party!

MRS. SCOTT: Why Pauline Scott! (*Scolding*) Don't you even suggest that to Juliette. She's the best cook we've ever had . . . and I'd certainly hate to lose her now when I'm so rushed. She's hardly been with us 6 weeks . . . but already I depend so much on her!

PAULINE: (*Pouting*) Oh well . . . all right.

DAVID: (*Hanging up receiver disconsolately*) Too bad! He says this Mr.

de Clercq is here for such a short time. And has friends and relatives to see. It wouldn't be fair . . .

MRS. SCOTT: No . . . I suppose not. Well, cheer up, Dave, (*As she starts out door*) I'm sure you'll think of something just as good.

PAULINE: Bye, Mom.

DAVID: (*Gloomily*) Another bright idea that didn't jell. . . . Too darn bad Mrs. Roosevelt isn't in town today. I bet she'd come to our football dance!

SOUND: (*Doorbell rings. A second later, Jim and Marion come in.*)

MARION: Hi, kids.

JIM: Bill and Mike are coming later, Dave. About one-thirty. They said not to wait. (*Looks hopefully at the table*) Oh-oh! Am I hungry!

PAULINE: Well, come on then, let's eat. (*As they sit down, she rings the bell. JULIETTE enters with two plates of sandwiches. They fall to.*)

JIM: And am I tired! Bill and I have been rounding up food for tonight.

DAVE: Yeah? What luck, pal?

JIM: Swell! We got the whole works donated.

MARION: And Barney'll play the piano . . . why, we won't have any expenses at all then, Dave! (*JULIETTE comes in and pours the chocolate. She is wearing her little white cap.*)

PAULINE: Wonderful! Say . . . what are we going to do with all those War Stamps we take in at the door, anyway?

DAVE: Well . . . that's one thing we have to decide. I'm for keeping on with War Stamp dances and buying

a hundred dollar Bond as our class gift. What do you think, Jim?

JIM: Sure! Then in 10 years, when they cash it, we'll all come back and see what a hundred dollars looks like. Say, that reminds me (*Takes out pencil and notebook*) I'll write some stuff for my column about what we all can buy with our War Bonds . . . come 1953. . . . Me . . . I'd like to buy me a second-hand jeep.

MARION: Look, kids . . . let me read off how the program's lined up for tonight.

JIM: Okay, chum . . . shoot.

MARION: Well, Dave will introduce the new football coach . . . and he'll talk about games and stuff, and then Mike, as the new captain, will give a pep talk. And then our shining light, the editor of *The Breeze* (*She looks at JIM*) will talk . . .

JIM: And am I scared! Gosh . . . I'm shivering like an aspirin already.

MARION: Then Barney'll play his accordion, and we'll sing.

DAVE: Sounds good.

MARION: Well . . . that's all so far. So . . . now we've simply got to get something *super* to put over the War Stamps talk.

JIM: You know what started Western High off with a bang-up record? The gym teacher there last year just joined the WACs. And was she a wow when she visited school last month in her uniform!

MARION: Yeah . . . and Revere High has a couple of English kids . . . evacuees. They put on a swell show

and boosted the Stamp sales right up to the sky!

PAULINE: (*Rings bell. JULIETTE enters.*) Will you bring more chocolate, Juliette?

JULIETTE: Yes, Mademoiselle. (*Leaves*)

JIM: (*Noticing her for first time—and staring after her*) Say . . . what goes on here! Is the gal *French*, Dave?

DAVE: No . . . she's Flemish, I think.

JIM: (*Puzzled . . . scratches his head.*) Flemish . . . Oh, sure . . . good old Flemland!

PAULINE: You're dopey, Jim! She came from Belgium, of course. (*JULIETTE reenters with a tray. Busies herself at the table.*)

DAVID: I had a creamy idea this morning . . . only it soured on me. I saw a picture of a keen-looking aviator in the paper. (*Folds the paper and passes it along the table to show the others*) And I had a kind of hunch we might possibly get hold of him as the big attraction for tonight . . . and so . . .

MARION: (*Staring at the picture*) Oh Dave! That sounds *super*!

DAVID: Yeah . . . but wait! I telephoned the Belgian consul . . . (*JULIETTE stops her work suddenly, holding her tray*) and he said this Mr. de Clercq was there all right. (*JULIETTE gives a little cry of pleasure, her eyes light up.*)

JULIETTE: (*Joyfully*) He *did* arrive then—Georges de Clercq? Did you talk with him, David? (*They all turn to look at her in surprise.*)

PAULINE: (*Unbelieving*) Juliette . . .

you mean you really *know* this man . . . this aviator?

JULIETTE: (*Laughs self-consciously*) Know him . . . but yes of course! He is my cousin! That is why I wanted this afternoon free . . . so that I can see him!

JIM: (*Eyes bulging*) Jeepers creepers! Her cousin, she says! (*DAVID has risen, excitedly taken the tray from JULIETTE and made her sit down.*)

DAVID: Look, Juliette . . . You suppose you could . . . You see, tonight . . .

PAULINE: A real foreign aviator!

JIM: Say, this ought to make the front page! (*He whips out a pencil and notebook and writes rapidly.*) Now, then . . . what's your full name, Juliette?

JULIETTE: (*Startled*) Me? Why . . . I am Juliette Brosse.

JIM: (*Writing*) Miss Juliette . . .

JULIETTE: (*Firmly*) No; no . . . I am Mrs. Brosse.

PAULINE: You *are*? I didn't know you were married, Juliette!

DAVID: But . . . say! Your husband . . . is he . . . ?

JULIETTE: (*Matter-of-factly*) He is in England. With a Belgian squadron in the R. A. F. He is a mechanic. And Georges . . . today Georges will bring me news of my husband! I can hardly wait to see him!

MARION: Juliette . . . I mean . . . Mrs. . . . well . . . Madame Brosse! You mean you were in the war?

JULIETTE: (*Soberly*) We were in Brussels when the Nazis invaded our country. Yes . . . I was in the war!

JIM: You were, oh! (*Writing*) Hm!

What happened . . . how did you get away?

JULIETTE: (Simply) Well, my cousin was a fisherman, at LaPanne. We were able to get to the coast—my husband, my sister—our little baby. And late one evening we set sail for England.

DAVID: And you got there all right?

JULIETTE: Yes . . . we had the luck. . . . Nazi airplanes came over us many times. And there was a bad storm to fight. The waves were high . . . they almost swamped us again and again. All our bread was soaked . . . we had no food for three days . . . But . . . we got there!

JIM: Say . . . don't go so fast!

PAULINE: (Slowly) Juliette . . . did you say . . . your husband . . . and . . . and your baby?

JULIETTE: Yes . . . my baby.

PAULINE: (Tragically) But . . . what happened to your baby, Juliette?

JIM: Say, don't interrupt, Pauline! Go on from England, Juliette. What happened next?

JULIETTE: Next? My husband and my cousin joined the other Belgian soldiers in England. Then . . . my sister and I came here to America, with little Henri. Because my brother and his family live here, and wanted us . . .

DAVID: Sure . . . I know. Your brother's the baker down on Vine Street.

JULIETTE: First, I help in the bakery, until I can speak English. . . . Then I got a job here at your home, David.

PAULINE: (Still worried) But . . . the baby, Juliette . . .

JULIETTE: (Laughing) You mustn't call him a baby now! He is almost 5 years old! He lives with my brother's family.

DAVID: But . . . gosh, I can't understand how we never heard any of this before! Why didn't you tell us, Juliette?

JULIETTE: (Shrugging her shoulders and spreading her hands) You did not ask! I have a reference, I am a good cook . . . that is all you want to know! You Americans are busy with so many things! (Glances at clock) And now . . . I think I must go. They will be here for me at 1 o'clock . . . Monsieur Herman is having a luncheon for Georges.

DAVID: Well . . . do you think . . . I mean, Juliette . . . could you get this cousin of yours . . . I mean, could you bring him to our dance . . . just for a little while . . . could you, Juliette?

JULIETTE: (Laughing) Yes; certain-lee! That Georges . . . he always did like to dance.

DAVID: Whew! That's something really super!

JULIETTE: Now I must get my coat . . . (She starts for the kitchen.)

PAULINE: (Suddenly) You know what . . . I think we ought to buy some War Stamps for Juliette's little boy. And start buying a Bond for him. The committee, I mean.

JULIETTE: (Halfway to door) That is nice of you, Pauline. Henri . . . he has two Bonds already. I buy Stamps for him every week. Three dollars each pay day.

JIM: Three bucks! That's a hunk of money!

PAULINE: (Startled) Three dollars . . . every week!

DAVID: (Whistles) Why . . . why, that's 30 percent of what you earn, Juliette! Why are you buying so much?

JULIETTE: (At the door, turns, looks at them a minute, then speaks. Without emotion, but very earnestly) Why? Why? Because this is my war! Whatever I give—it is not enough! Many friends back in Brussels—they give their lives. At night, how can I rest, if I do not help all I can—that some day my country may be free again! Your America . . . it is the hope of the world! We Belgians have one purpose only—to fight with courage beside our brave allies. How can we fail . . . if we all stand together and work together for a world free of Nazis! (She goes into kitchen. There is a long moment of silence.)

DAVID: Three cheers for Juliette!

JIM: Won't my mother be glad to know I'm going to take her up on that dish-washing proposition! (Puts up his hand in mock solemnity) Every night and Sundays . . . so help me!

PAULINE: (With sudden determination) And I'll pack my lunches for school every day . . . that will mean more Stamps for my books.

MARION: Me too. And . . . we could shampoo each other's hair, Pauline . . . and . . .

DAVID: (Briskly) That reminds me . . . let's hurry and finish this

meeting. I've got a job to do for my dad. And quick! That two bucks will just about finish my first War Bond! If Juliette can do it . . . we can, too! (A horn blows outside.)

PAULINE: That must be Juliette's brother. (Runs to the door) And there is little Henri . . . Oh, isn't he sweet!

DAVID: Marion . . . you're taking French . . . call to him to come in!

MARION: (Calling out the door) Henri, Henri! Viens ici, s'il vous plaît! (The girls wait at the door, and PAULINE opens it to admit HENRI, wearing a new suit and a small beret. He comes in timidly.)

HENRI: Hello. Where is my mamma?

MARION: She's gone for her coat, Henri. She'll be back right away.

PAULINE: Come here, Henri. Come over and talk to me. (JULIETTE has come in, but HENRI doesn't see her.) Henri, tell me . . . what have you learned, since you came to America?

HENRI: (As he looks around, his eyes fall on the small American flag in the center of the table. He stands up straighter, takes off his little beret with one hand, puts the other up quickly in a salute . . . and starts the pledge of allegiance.) I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

(One by one the others have stood and joined him, until they are all re-



peating the last lines together as the curtain falls.)

# THE END

(NOTE.—If it is too difficult to have a small child appear in the play in a

speaking part, he can simply nod his head in reply to questions . . . and stand at attention and salute, while the others repeat the pledge. But since first-graders all learn to say it, some child can probably be found who will have no trouble with the part.)

## We Will Do Our Share\*

BY MILDRED HARK AND NOEL MCQUEEN  
For Elementary Schools  
Characters

TOMMIE.	DIME.	SECOND NICKEL.	ANNOUNCER'S
PENNY.	QUARTER.	CHILDREN.	VOICE.
NICKEL.	HALF DOLLAR.	MOTHER'S	
FOUR PENNIES.	BANK ROLL.	VOICE.	

TIME: The present. A Saturday evening.

SETTING: A boy's room, typically furnished. On the walls are pennants, sport pictures and any odd trophies such as a boy might treasure. At right a door leads into the hall, and in the back wall another door opens into a closet. There is a large, low-silled window in the left wall down stage. A bed is placed at left with the headboard against the back wall. (Note: The bed has no footboard, and the covers hang to the floor.) There is a table with a small radio upon it at right of the bed. Near the bed also is a small floor lamp. A chest of drawers and a chair or two complete the furnishings.

AT RISE: TOMMIE, a boy of seven or eight, dressed in pajamas, is in bed, reading. He is yawning as though getting very sleepy, but he has the radio turned on and you hear some soft music. (The music can come from a record backstage.)

MOTHER'S VOICE: (From right, as though from hall) Tommie, it's late. You'd better go to sleep now, and don't forget to turn off your radio.

TOMMIE: (Looking right. Calling) I won't, Mom. Good night.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Good night, Tommie. (TOMMIE puts his book on the table and yawns again. Just then the music from the radio stops and you hear an announcer's voice.)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE: (Off. As though from radio) Buy United States War Bonds and Stamps. Uncle Sam needs money!

(TOMMIE reaches over sleepily and turns the radio off, then turns off the floor lamp and sinks down on his pillow. Note: When TOMMIE turns the lamp off, the bright white light fades, but there must still be enough illumination to plainly see the characters and actions of the play.)

A PENNY crawls out from under the bed. PENNY is a boy wearing a

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copper-colored costume. On the front and back of the costume are cardboard disks about 2 feet in diameter. If possible, these disks should be joined by strips of cardboard at the sides to give the effect of a solid coin. (Note: All the coin characters' costumes can be similar in construction except that they will vary in color, size, and design.) This PENNY happens to be a Lincoln PENNY, and his front shows Lincoln, and his back "One Cent" in large letters. In other words, a replica of a Lincoln Penny. As the PENNY is crawling out from the bed, the door of the closet opens and a NICKEL appears. The NICKEL is dressed in a dull gray costume with an Indian head on his front and a buffalo on his back.

PENNY: (Looking at NICKEL) Did you hear what they said over the radio?  
NICKEL: Sure I did. Uncle Sam needs money.

PENNY: (Throwing out his chest) Well, I'm money!

NICKEL: (Coming center and looking at PENNY scornfully) Humph you're only a penny!

PENNY: (Shaking finger at NICKEL and standing very straight)

I may be only a penny  
But don't you high-hat me;  
I'm very important financially,  
As you will no doubt see.

NICKEL: How could a penny be important? You're just a poor little copper cent.

PENNY: Well, who are you?

NICKEL: I'm a nickel—can't you see?

(Turns his back to PENNY, showing the printed "5 cents.")

And I'm worth five of you;  
I can buy candy or peppermints,  
Or a package of gum to chew!

PENNY: Well, what's so wonderful about that? I wish somebody would give me to Uncle Sam to help win the war. Where'd you come from, Nickel?

NICKEL: Out of the closet. I was in Tommie's pants pocket. I guess he's going to buy an ice cream cone with me tomorrow.

PENNY: Well, he let me roll under his bed last week and forgot all about me. And I could help Uncle Sam.

NICKEL: No you couldn't. You can't buy any war stamps with a penny.

PENNY: Just the same, Nickel, there must be some way a penny can help.

NICKEL: Why a dime told me last week—I was in somebody's pocket with him—that even I wasn't enough to buy a War Stamp with—and I'm worth five times as much as you are.

PENNY: Yes; but wait a minute—I just thought of something—there are four more pennies in a cup on the kitchen shelf—(He goes to door, right).

NICKEL: What are you going to do?

PENNY: Get them up here. (Calling) Oh, pennies—oh, Pennies in the kitchen! Come on up here a minute! Uncle Sam needs you! (Turning) You just wait and see, Nickel, what'll happen now. (Four more pennies come skipping in. They are all dressed in a similar fashion to FIRST PENNY. Three are LINCOLN PENNIES and one is the old-fashioned INDIAN PENNY.)

FOUR PENNIES: (In unison, chanting)

Four little pennies, here we are,  
We jumped right out of the cup;  
Four little pennies all in a row—  
We heard you call and came up.

PENNY: (Skipping over and standing beside them; triumphantly)

Five little pennies all in a row—  
All in a row, all in a row;  
Now do you see what happens to us?

How we grow and grow and grow!

NICKEL: (Staring at them) Why—Why—

PENNY: Now, we're worth just as much as you are, Nickel! What do you think of that?

NICKEL: Why—why, so you are—and listen, Penny, do you know what? With me—and all of you, why Tommie could buy a War Stamp! We make ten cents!

PENNY: (Looking around at all of them) Why, of course we do. That's it—that's it—Tommie's got to save us up. That's how we can help Uncle Sam!

FOUR PENNIES: (Chanting) Save us up! Save us up! Save us, everyone!

NICKEL: Do you know what I think we ought to do? We ought to call a meeting of all the money in this house.

PENNY: That's a good idea. See how many of us can go for War Stamps. You call 'em, Nickel—they'll pay more attention to you than they will to me.

NICKEL: (Standing in center, putting his hand to his head and shutting his eyes as though concentrating. Calling)

Oh, money, money, money—  
Come out wherever you are;  
Quarters and dimes and dollars,  
Whether you're near or far!

Oh, come out, come out, come out—  
Pennies and nickels, too;  
Uncle Sam is calling us  
To help our country through!

(A DIME comes running in. DIME is played by a small girl, dressed in silver. She has the head of Liberty with winged cap on front and the fasces entwined with an olive branch on back.)

DIME:

I'm a dime—from Tommie's bank—I heard you calling me;  
And pray, what is it that you want?  
I came right up to see.

NICKEL: We're calling a meeting of all the money in the house!

DIME: (Haughtily) You're calling a meeting? But you're a nickel. I don't usually associate with nickels—and I do believe—arent those pennies?

FOUR PENNIES: Of course we're pennies.  
DIME: But after all, I'm made of silver and—

PENNY: Well, I'm just a penny—and proud of it. If Tommie saves enough of me, he can buy lots of War Stamps.

DIME: War Stamps?

NICKEL: Sure—and Tommie can buy a War Stamp with you already, right the way you are. That's what the smallest stamp costs—a dime.

DIME: You mean I could help Uncle Sam if Tommie used me for a War Stamp?

FOUR PENNIES: Sure you could—sure you could!

DIME: I'd like that. I got awfully tired of being in that old piggy bank. He just put me in the slit one day and there I was.

PENNY: Yes—and you'll never be worth any more in the piggy bank. If Tommie would loan us all to Uncle Sam, we'd draw interest. In 10 years, we'll be worth lots more than we are now!

(A QUARTER comes running in right. QUARTER is played by a boy dressed in bright silver with the head of Washington on his front and an eagle on his back.)

QUARTER:

I'm a quarter from Grandfather's pocket—

Worth a fourth of a dollar, you know—

And he's going to give me to Tommie,

To take in a picture show!

NICKEL: But he can't do that, Quarter.

PENNY: No—listen, Quarter, we're having a meeting of all the money in the house—

DIME: And we want to tell you—

QUARTER: You can't tell me anything. Listen here, Small Change—

DIME: But I'm enough to buy a War Stamp for Uncle Sam!

QUARTER: Humph, you're only a dime.

DIME: But I'm enough to buy a War Stamp for Uncle Sam!

QUARTER: If you can buy one, I can buy a bigger one. I'm a lot of money!

(A HALF DOLLAR comes in just as

QUARTER says his last speech. HALF DOLLAR is played by a girl, bigger than QUARTER. She is also dressed in silver with a figure of Liberty draped in a flag on her front and an eagle with wings raised grasping a pine branch on her back.)

HALF DOLLAR: (Scornfully to QUARTER as she comes in) Oh, you're not so much!

DIME: (Eyes big) Gee, are you—are you—

HALF DOLLAR: (Tossing her head proudly)

Yes; I'm a half dollar, fifty cents, From Mother's pocketbook;

If you want to see a piece of change, Now's your chance to look!

(HALF DOLLAR holds herself proudly and struts about. QUARTER looks crestfallen and the others stare.)

PENNY: My goodness, you are a lot of money!

FOUR PENNIES: (Chanting) A lot of money—a lot of money!

HALF DOLLAR: Of course I am, but would you believe it?—Mother was scornful of me. She said: "Fifty cents—that's all I've got left over from the housekeeping money."

NICKEL: But you'll buy a 50-cent War Stamp.

HALF DOLLAR: I know. That's what Mother's going to use me for.

DIME: Good! Then you're all taken care of. We're trying to find out how many of us can go for War Stamps.

PENNY: (Staring at HALF DOLLAR) I—I feel awfully insignificant since I've

seen Half Dollar. Why, she's worth 50 times as much as I am.

FOUR PENNIES: (Shaking their heads and chanting) Fifty times—fifty times!

NICKEL: Yes; but look, Pennies, it isn't the amount—it's if we're saved up regularly—all of us—that's what's important. Even pennies and nickels and dimes count up fast!

(A fat BANK ROLL comes in right.

This character is played by a boy. He wears a green costume and around him are wrapped 4 5-dollar bills, a 10-dollar bill, and 10 1-dollar bills. These bills are large, about 2 feet wide and proportionately long, and can be made of white wrapping paper with appropriately colored markings and pictures. They are held in place by a black belt which might look like a rubber band. BANK ROLL puffs a little as he comes in. All the other characters stare at him in amazement, their eyes bulging.)

NICKEL: (Pointing) Look—Look!

DIME: Oh, my goodness!

QUARTER: Did you ever see so much money in all your life?

PENNY: So much money—it—it takes my breath away.

FOUR PENNIES: It takes our breath away—that's what we all say!

HALF DOLLAR: Who—who are you, anyway?

BANK ROLL:

I'm Dad's bank roll—

I look like this on Saturday night, But by the middle of the week—I'll look a sight!

HALF DOLLAR: What do you mean? You look wonderful.

QUARTER: I'll say you do—all padded up, with big bills!

DIME: You're such a nice fat bank roll!

BANK ROLL: Oh, sure, I look all right now, but I don't last long. I just melt away.

PENNY: Melt away?

BANK ROLL: Well, not exactly melt, maybe, but I shrink. I get smaller and smaller and smaller—(Sadly) until there's—well, just nothing left of me.

NICKEL: My goodness!

PENNY: Nothing left of you at all?

BANK ROLL: (Shaking his head sadly. Slowly) Nothing—at all.

DIME: Dear me.

BANK ROLL: (Wiping a tear away)

Yes; it is sad, isn't it? Look, I'll show you what happens. He takes off his belt and hangs it over the back of a chair. Then he unwinds a ten dollar bill from his costume and spreads it on the floor in front of him, holding the remaining ones in place with one hand.) This goes for rent—(He pulls off two fives and spreads them on top of the ten.) This goes for food.

QUARTER: Good gracious, he's getting smaller already.

BANK ROLL: You haven't seen anything yet! (He pulls off another five.) Household bills. You know—light, heat, telephone, etc.

HALF DOLLAR: We can't keep up with you. Not so fast!

BANK ROLL: But that's the way I go—fast. (He peels off another five.)

This is for bills, too—insurance, doctor, dentist—

PENNY: Look how he's shrinking—there's hardly anything left of him!

BANK ROLL: (*Peeling off five ones*) Unfortunately, Tommie needs new shoes this week and more schoolbooks, so that takes care of these five singles. So—(*He peels off another dollar. There are still four one-dollar bills hanging on his waist, though*)—that leaves this dollar. Dad will use this for his lunches if he doesn't have to spend it for something else. (*He looks at it sadly.*) The last dollar!

DIME: No, it isn't—you've still got four more!

BANK ROLL: (*Looking down at himself*) Oh sure—but those are for War Stamps. Dad wouldn't touch those dollars for anything else. (*Proudly.*) They go for War Stamps every week to help Uncle Sam.

NICKEL: They do?

BANK ROLL: Of course. Dad's bought several Bonds already.

PENNY: That's wonderful. Then we don't have to sell you on our idea.

BANK ROLL: What idea? Now wait a minute. (*He picks up his bills from the floor and stands them on their sides, straightening them.*) I'm going to put myself together again. I might as well look prosperous while I can—it won't last long. (*Keeping all his bills together, he catches them under one arm and starts twisting around, rolling them onto himself as he does it. When they are in place, he picks up his belt and puts it on again.*)

There, that's better. All right now, Penny, what's this great idea?

PENNY: Why, sir, we want Tommie to save us regularly and buy War Stamps with us—even small change like us pennies—why we can grow!

FOUR PENNIES: Sure, we can grow—we'll have you know!

NICKEL: And nickels, they count. I'm the only one here, but if there were another—why, two nickels will buy a War Stamp! (*Another nickel runs in, this time a JEFFERSON NICKEL.*)

SECOND NICKEL: (*Running in*) Here I am—another nickel!

NICKEL: Hey, where were you? We called this meeting a long time ago!

SECOND NICKEL:

I got lost in the great big chest,  
The one out in the hall;  
And I puffed and blowed till I got out—  
After I heard you call!

NICKEL: Well, you're here now, anyway—we need everyone—we've got to tell Tommie about our idea!

PENNY: Tommie can tell all the children to buy War Stamps.

DIME: Tommie can help Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam needs money! (*There is a stir from the bed and TOMMIE half sits up in bed, rubbing his eyes.*)

TOMMIE: (*Still half asleep*) Hey, what's the matter? Did I leave that radio on? (*He looks over at the radio.*) No; I didn't, but—

ALL THE MONEY: (*Shouting*) Uncle Sam needs money! Uncle Sam needs money!

TOMMIE: (*Seeing them*) Say, I—I thought I heard someone say that.

PENNY: They said it over the radio, too, just before you went to sleep. That's what gave us the idea.

TOMMIE: But—who are you?

PENNY: We're money, Tommie. Of course I'm only a penny—

DIME: But you can save us, Tommie, and buy War Stamps!

NICKEL: Help Uncle Sam buy the planes and tanks and guns he needs for winning this war!

TOMMIE: (*Crawling out and sitting on the edge of the bed*) Yeah, I—I want to help but—

SECOND NICKEL: Well, that's the best way to help, Tommie. Buy War Savings Stamps regularly.

QUARTER: Tell your grandfather you want to buy a Stamp with me, Tommie, instead of going to the show this week.

HALF DOLLAR: Your mother's going to buy a Stamp with me.

FOUR PENNIES: Save us pennies, too, Tommie. We'll buy Stamps if you save us!

BANK ROLL: Your dad buys Stamps every week out of me until he has enough for a Bond.

TOMMIE: Yeah, but it would take me a long time to get a Bond—and besides, I thought Uncle Sam needed a whole lot of money. Even if I buy a 10-cent Stamp every week—

NICKEL: All right—say you do—that's fine—and say every boy and girl in the country buys one—

TOMMIE: (*Thinking*) I can see what you mean. That would count up, wouldn't it?

PENNY: Would it! How many children are there in the United States?

TOMMIE: Gee, let's see—I think the teacher told us once there were about 30 million boys and girls going to school—

DIME: All right—there—30 million times 10—that's 3 million dollars a week!

TOMMIE: Wheee-e! Boy, that's something!

FOUR PENNIES: That's a lot of change—a lot of change!

NICKEL: Yes, but think what it counts up to in a year—let's see—why, that's 156 million dollars a year!

TOMMIE: Say-y—why—why—(*Rising excitedly*). We can help—we can help a lot! I'm going to start buying War Stamps right away, regularly—every week!

DIME: We knew you would, Tommie. We knew you'd want to lend us to Uncle Sam.

TOMMIE: Lend you? But I'd be glad to just—give you to him now that I know I can really help.

NICKEL: But he only wants you to lend us—so save up for a Bond, and in 10 years you'll get us back—with interest!

TOMMIE: Gee!

PENNY: We've got to tell the children everywhere. Listen, Tommie. (*PENNY, FOUR PENNIES and all the other money form in a line and start singing to Tommie who still stands left near bed.*)

ALL THE MONEY: (*Marching back and forth as they sing the following to the tune of Jingle Bells, repeating both verses*)

Save up all your cents,  
Dimes and nickels too;

Every bit will help  
Your country to win through!

Left—right—left—  
Left—right—left—

V for Victory!

Oh, don't fail you Uncle Sam—  
Please keep your country free!

*(They all stop marching and stand in a half circle.)*

TOMMIE: *(More excited than ever)* We won't fail him! *(He crosses to center stage calling.)* Hey, boys and girls everywhere. Listen! It's important! Let's buy War Stamps every week—regularly—that's our job in this war. Are you ready to do your share?

*(Boys and girls dressed in pajamas come flocking onto the stage. Some come from the door at right, others climb through the window at left.)*

CHILDREN: Sure—of course we are. We're going to buy War Stamps every week!

*(All the children form in a line with TOMMIE leading, while the NICKELS, DIME, PENNIES, etc., step backstage and watch, nodding their heads in approval and applauding now and then as the children march back and forth across the stage and sing to the tune of Jingle Bells. They make appropriate gestures as they march peppily, throwing their heads back in laughter on the "hah-hah-hah," holding their arms up like cheer leaders on the "rah, rah, rah." On the "V for Victory," they all hold their arms up with the fingers making a V.)*

CHILDREN *(singing)*:

(1)

We will save our cents,  
Dimes and nickels, too;  
Every bit will help  
Our country to win through!  
We'll buy Stamps each week—  
In every class and school;  
An army 30 million strong—  
To end all Axis rule.

REPEAT:

Hah—hah—hah—  
Rah—rah—rah—  
V for Victory  
We won't fail you Uncle Sam—  
We'll keep our country free!

(2)

Save up for a Bond—  
Just eighteen seventy-five;  
In 10 years we will be surprised—  
We'll then have twenty-five!  
We will do our share—  
Buy tanks and guns galore—  
And all the things the soldiers need  
To help them win this war!

REPEAT:

Hah—hah—hah—  
Rah—rah—rah—  
V for Victory!  
We won't fail you Uncle Sam—  
We'll keep our country free!  
*(Now, TOMMIE steps to center again and looks straight out into the audience.)*

TOMMIE: Boys and girls everywhere—  
will you help Uncle Sam? Will you  
buy War Stamps regularly?

VOICES FROM AUDIENCE: We will—we  
will!

*(TOMMIE again leads the Victory*

*March, all singing, and if possible, the audience joins in, too. They sing the last verse only. TOMMIE and children swing along the stage.)*

ALL *(repeat both verses)*:

We will do our share—  
Buy tanks and guns galore—  
And all the things the soldiers  
need—

To help them win this war!

Hah—hah—hah—  
Rah—rah—rah—  
V for Victory!

We won't fail you Uncle Sam—  
We'll keep our country free!

*(On a great big lusty "FREE", there is a quick curtain.)*

THE END

# Citizens of Tomorrow\*

By MILDRED HARK AND NOEL McQUEEN

For Elementary Schools

Characters

JOHNNIE BROWN  
AL PETERSON  
PETE MARIO

ERNIE SCHULTZ  
SUSIE DOUGLAS  
BILL BROWN

JANEY  
LUCILLE  
TOM DOUGLAS

TIME: *The Present.*

SETTING: *Interior of a small private garage.*

AT RISE: *Five boys ranging in age from 9 to 12 are seated around a table. At center sits JOHNNIE BROWN. In front of him on the large box is a hammer. At JOHNNIE's right sits AL PETERSON, leafing through a notebook which is also on the box. At the right end is ERNIE SCHULTZ; at the left, PETE MARIO, and in the remaining place TOM DOUGLAS. JOHNNIE rises and pounds the box with his hammer.*

JOHNNIE: The meeting will please come to order! The secretary will call the roll and read the minutes of the preceding meeting.

ERNIE: Say, where'd you learn all that?  
JOHNNIE: *Quiet*—I read it in a book, and it's the right way to start a meeting. Go ahead, AL. *(He sits.)*

AL: *(He rises, picks up his notebook and checks with a pencil as he calls the roll.)* Johnnie Brown, President.

JOHNNIE: Here.

AL: Al Peterson, secretary. *(Answering himself)* Here. Ernie Schultz.

ERNIE: Here.

AL: Pete Mario.

PETE: Here.

AL: Tom Douglas.

TOM: Here.

AL: *(He turns back a few pages in his book.)* Minutes of the first meeting of the Big Five Club held in the back yard of Tom Douglas' house, last Wednesday, the only important business being a unan—unan—unanimous resolution—*(To JOHNNIE)* Do I have to read the resolution?

JOHNNIE: Of course.

AL: *(Resignedly)* All right, but we all know what it was. *(He reads laboriously)* Resolved, That because Johnnie Brown's father has sold his car to buy War Bonds—which patriotic act has left the Brown's garage standing empty—Johnnie should ask his father if we can't use above mentioned and

said garage for a club house. *(He sits.)*

JOHNNIE: *(Proudly)* Well, fellas, I guess I did my part all right. Here we are. We've got our club house and *(Fishing a key out of his pocket)* I even got the key to it, too, and Dad says we can have four more keys made so we can each have one!

PETE: Gee, that sure is swell!

TOM: Yeah, that's great all right.

ERNIE: Well, now we have a club and a club house, what are we going to do with it?

AL: How about making it a G-man club? I've got a detective outfit.

TOM: Why not a sports club? It could be baseball in the summer and football in the fall, and—

PETE: How can five of us have a baseball or football team?

ERNIE: Yeah, that's no good.

JOHNNIE: Wait a minute, you fellows, I've got an idea. *(He rises and goes to the blackboard, takes a piece of chalk from his pocket, and draws a big "5".)* Look, we're the Big Five, aren't we?

ALL: Yes, that's right *(Etc.)*

JOHNNIE: Well, a five in Roman letters—you know the kind they use on some clocks—is V. *(He draws a big V.)* See—V for Victory! We can have a Victory Club.

AL: *(Excitedly)* Now, there's a swell idea, and we can use the Morse code for our secret knock on the door—you know—three short and one long—like this. *(He raps on the box.)*

OTHERS: Sure—sure—that's good. *(There is a sound of four knocks on*

*the box again. None of the boys is responsible. They all look surprised, then at each other.)*

JOHNNIE: *(Comes downstage near the box again)* What's the matter?

ERNIE: Did you hear that?

JOHNNIE: You mean the rapping on the table? Sure—who did it?

OTHERS: Not I—Not I . . . *(The knock is heard again.)*

ERNIE: *(A little frightened)* There—there's someone under the table.

JOHNNIE: Oh, there can't be. I've kept the door locked day and night—but we may as well look and make sure. *(He lifts one end of the box.)* say—Susie Douglas! How'd you get in here? *(SUSIE, a little girl of about ten, climbs out from underneath the box. SUSIE is Tom's sister, a little younger than he. She is slightly precocious and a bit tom-boyish, but very likeable. She looks at the boys triumphantly.)*

SUSIE: I climbed in the window.

TOM: Listen here, Susie Douglas—

ERNIE: Oh, for gosh sakes, Tom! Can't you ever keep your sister from tagging around after us?

SUSIE: It isn't his fault. I just knew you were going to have a club, and I want to join.

PETE: Well, you can't. This is a boys' club.

AL: *(Suddenly)* Hey, now she knows our secret knock!

SUSIE: There's nothing secret about that. Everyone knows it stands for victory—but I've got a good idea. We ought to have a Victory banner in here, and—

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JOHNNIE: Say, where do you get that we stuff? Tom, she's your sister—get her out of here.

TOM: (*On the spot*) Look, Susie, please—

SUSIE: But Tom—

OTHERS: No! No!

JOHNNIE: No girls allowed!

SUSIE: (*Backing toward door*) All right—if that's the way you feel—and I guess I don't care much anyway. I can see right now your old club isn't going to be a real Victory Club! What could five boys do? (*With this parting shot, she unbolts the door quickly and lets herself out, slamming the door behind her. There is silence for a moment.*)

PETE: What did she mean by that?

TOM: Oh! I don't know. Susie just talks a lot—

ERNE: Well, what did she have to come around spoiling things for? (*They all look glum for a minute, and JOHNNIE goes over and bolts the door again.*)

AL: (*Hesitantly*) You know, that—wasn't a bad idea she had about the banner.

JOHNNIE: Yeah, a big one on that wall would look great all right.

TOM: Well, I, Susie can sew some—she might make it for us.

JOHNNIE: Do you think—but no, no—no girls allowed . . . Say, what do you suppose she meant by saying our club wasn't a real Victory Club?

AL: (*Thinking it out*) Well, I guess she meant we have to do something to help—to help our country.

PETE: O. K., let's do something then. Let's decide.

ERNE: Right! What can five boys do? We'll show her!

AL: But how will we? What can we do? If we were only old enough to be soldiers—

ERNE: Or sailors—or maybe F. B. I. men—track down spies and stuff—

JOHNNIE: Oh, for gosh sakes, Ernie, you know they wouldn't take us—and besides, you have to know "Jujitsu"!

ERNE: I suppose you think I couldn't learn that. (*He grabs AL's arm, pulls it over his shoulder, dragging AL onto his back.*)

AL: (*Pulling away, good-naturedly*) Cut it out!

ERNE: With some practice, I bet I could throw you right over my head.

JOHNNIE: Listen, Ernie, your fooling around doesn't help. We've got to think of ways—(*There is a knock on the door.*) Hey, who's that?

PETE: Susie coming back, I'll bet.

BILL: (*Off, calling*) Johnnie! Open up, Johnnie!

JOHNNIE: (*He stands petrified for a minute.*) That sounds like my brother Bill!

TOM: Bu—but it can't be—he's in the army.

BILL: (*Off*) Open up, Johnnie!

JOHNNIE: I—it is Bill! (*Running to door and unbolting it. Excitedly*) Bill! Bill! (*BILL, a young man in uniform, enters. He puts one hand on JOHNNIE's shoulder and rumples his hair with the other. Hi, Johnnie. How are you?*)

JOHNNIE: O. K., but—but, Bill, how'd you get home?

BILL: I'm on leave. Great, huh?

JOHNNIE: And it's your birthday, too—Mom said so this morning.

BILL: I know—and was she surprised to see me. (*Looking around*) Say, what goes on here?

JOHNNIE: We've got a—club, you see, and—you know all the fellows, don't you? Al and Pete and—

BILL: (*Grimacing at them all. They have been watching him in open-mouthed admiration*) Sure—sure, I do. How are you fellows?

ALL: Fine . . . Swell, Bill . . . (*Etc.*)

ERNE: Gosh, look at that uniform! It must be great to be in the army, Bill.

JOHNNIE: We all wish we could be in the army.

BILL: You do, eh? Well, there's more to the army than just wearing a uniform, you know.

AL: You mean you don't like it, Bill?

BILL: I didn't say that. Of course I like it—I'm doing a job for my country—a job every American citizen is proud to do. And say, do you know something? I'm a citizen today.

PETE: A—a citizen?

BILLS: Sure, I'm 21 years old.

JOHNNIE: That's right, you are. I remember how Dad said maybe you ought to wait to enlist—

BILL: I'm glad I didn't. Being 21, it kind of makes you feel—well, I don't know—I guess you realize what it means to be a citizen of the United States. All the things those old boys started for us when they drew up the Constitution—things like freedom and the right of the individual—well, they're worth fighting for.

ERNE: (*Interrupting, enthusiastically*) That's just what my pop says.

BILL: It makes you awfully proud to think: I'm an American—and you know you got to do your best to—(*Breaking off*) oh, say, fellows, I don't know what's got in me! I just wanted to say hello to Johnnie and here I am, talking a lot. I'm interrupting your meeting.

TOM: No Bill, no . . . (*Gets him a box to sit on*) Look, Bill, won't you stay?

JOHNNIE: Please, Bill.

BILL: (*Sitting on box*) O. K., if it's all right with the rest of the gang.

AL: Sure it is, and I bet it's lucky you're here, because maybe you can tell us what to do about our club.

BILL: What do you mean?

AL: Well, you see—(*Looking around at the others*) Is it all right if I tell him about our club? You see, it was secret in a way—

ALL: Sure . . . Tell him, Al . . .

JOHNNIE: Bill won't tell anyone.

AL: Well, we—we wanted to make it a Victory Club, and we got a secret signal you know—

BILL: Sure, I know. (*Before AL can demonstrate, he does the knock.*) That's V for Victory.

ERNE: I guess it 'wasn't much of a secret.

BILL: (*Laughing*) But what do you want to make it secret for?

TOM: I don't know.

BILL: That's wrong. With a Victory Club, the more people you get in, the more things you'll get done.

PETE: We never thought of it that way. OTHERS: No . . .

BILL: But it's true. Get everyone—everyone in the neighborhood. Then

begin by buying as many War Stamps as you can. That's one of the most important things you can do.

JOHNNIE: (*Quickly*) We're already doing that. We're using half the money we collect each week as dues for War Stamps. But we don't know what else to do.

BILL: But there are so many things.

ERNIE: If we could just be soldiers and fight.

BILL: You can fight, and be soldiers, too—right here at home!

PETE: (*Disappointed*) You're going to tell us to collect junk and paper and stuff—

BILL: I certainly am.

PETE: Do you call that fighting?

BILL: (*Aroused*) Now, wait a minute. Would you call dragging guns and supplies and ammunition up to the front lines through slush and mud—would you call that fighting?

PETE: Why, sure.

BILL: How about the rest of you?

OTHERS: (*Agreeing*) Sure. . . . That's fighting all right.

BILL: Well, then, collecting junk and paper and stuff to make the guns and supplies and ammunition is fighting, too. Every time you kids collect a box or basket or cartload of those things, you're fighting and doing really important work for your country and for us fellows in the front lines—and don't you ever forget it! . . . And besides, you can get paid for what you collect—and put the money into War Stamps.

PETE: (*Seeing it for the first time*) Why that—that's right. We never thought of it that way.

AL: Sure—sure it is.

TOM: (*Getting enthusiastic*) We have to start—right away!

BILL: There are lots of other things you can do, too—you can collect books for the soldiers—

TOM: You mean go around to people's houses, and ask them if they've got a book they don't need?

BILL: And do you know whom to call in an emergency?

ERNIE: What—what do you mean?

BILL: There's a Civilian Defense organization in town. You ought to know their telephone number.

JOHNNIE: We better write it down in our notebook—

BILL: And, Johnnie, anything you can do to help at home while Mom's spending so much time at the Red Cross—

JOHNNIE: I know, Bill . . . I'll even help with the dishes.

OTHERS: We all will (*Etc.*)

BILL: It doesn't sound like much, maybe, but well, that's fighting, too. (*The door opens and SUSIE's head pokes in.*)

SUSIE: May I come in? (*Two other little girls appear behind her.*)

TOM: (*Disgustedly*) No.

SUSIE: But we want to see Bill, too!

BILL: (*Quietly*) Oh, why not let them in?

JOHNNIE: But, Bill, this is a boys' club.

BILL: It's a Victory Club, isn't it?

JOHNNIE: Yes; but—

BILL: Well, girls can do a lot for victory, too . . . Come on in, girls.

SUSIE: (*Coming in, smiling*) Hello, Bill. . . . You remember Janey and Lucille?

BILL: You bet I do. . . . How could I forget such charming ladies? (*The other two little girls smile and shuffle their feet awkwardly, but SUSIE makes a face at the boys as though to say, "So there!"*)

SUSIE: We want to join the Victory Club, Bill, and they won't let us. Why, girls can do a lot—sew and knit and work for the Red Cross—and we can buy as many War Stamps as they can.

BILL: Of course you can. Girls can do just as much in this war as the fellows. They're very important.

JOHNNIE: (*Teasing*) You would think so, Bill. . . . They were always calling you up when you were home.

BILL: (*Crimping*) Never mind—they'll be calling you up, too, one of these days—and not to buy War Stamps.

JOHNNIE: I don't have to like it, though.

BILL: But you will—you'll love it. . . . What do you say? Can Susie join—and Janey and Lucille?

AL: It's all right with me.

TOM: (*Bargaining*) Will you make us a banner, Susie?

SUSIE: Sure I will—I'll do lots of things.

ERNIE: We might as well have girls, I guess, as long as it's for Victory.

BILL: The more the merrier! Get everyone you can—don't wait for them to ask you—ask them. Tell them you've got a Victory Club and you want them to join, and do everything they can to help. V for Victory, fellows! (*Smiling at girls*) And girls!

AL: V for Victory!

BILL: (*Quietly now*) And look, kids, best of luck from me to you . . .

(*Rousing himself*) Now, I've got to be going—

JOHNNIE: Are you going to be transferred, Bill?

AL: (*Quickly*) Are they sendin' you across?

SUSIE: When do you sail, Bill?

ERNIE: (*Eagerly*) Is it true they're sending the whole outfit from your camp to Ireland? Pop said someone at his office told him that he heard the whole outfit was going to sail. Is that right, Bill?

BILL: Just a minute. I won't answer any of those questions . . . because we've got a slogan—a mighty good one for you all to remember—(*He looks at each one slowly and earnestly*).

PETE: (*Interrupting him eagerly*) You mean—Remember Pearl Harbor?

BILL: (*Smiling a little*) No, Pete; that's not the one I meant, although no real American will ever forget it. I mean, "Loose Lips Sink Ships." In other words, don't talk about things which may be of assistance to the enemy—no matter how unimportant they may seem to you; for example, information about the sailings, destinations, or cargoes of ships, or the movements of troops. Remember that slogan; make it a byword; and keep telling it to your friends—and grown-ups, too. Sometimes they need to be reminded. And, above all, don't help spread idle rumors.

AL: "Loose lips sink ships." . . . Let's put that on our banner! We'll remember that. I'll tell Dad about the rumors, too.

BILL: That's the spirit. (*Turning to*



go.) Now I've got to get to—wherever I'm going. And I'll be thinking of you. I'll be working there, and you—well, you keep on working here. Not giving away secret information, or spreading rumors. Salvaging essential material for war use, buying War Stamps every week. And doing all the other things neces-

sary for Victory. A real Victory Club. . . . You're—well, you're the citizens of tomorrow, you know; and I've just got a hunch that you're going to make this a stronger, more beautiful America than it's ever been before.

THE END

## Letter to Private Smith\*

By BERNARD J. REINES  
For Junior and Senior High Schools  
Characters

NARRATOR  
HIS WIFE  
JOHNNY AT 16

MR. COVINI  
MAN IN A PALM BEACH  
SUIT  
AUNT CARRIE

MARY, 14  
MR. MASON  
MRS. MASON

TIME: *The present.*

SETTING: *A small table in center, and just behind it, facing downstage, a row of three chairs spaced about a yard apart, with the middle one directly up against the table. A photo of a young soldier hangs at rear. The lighting may be dim everywhere except in the area of action centering about the table, and around the photo. The stage should not be fitted out realistically like a room, but should seem bare. (See NOTE on Message from Bataan.)*

AT RISE: *The NARRATOR, a thin, elderly man in clean but wrinkled clothes, sits at the table, writing a letter. He wears plain-rimmed eyeglasses. Soon he finishes writing, puts down his pen, and picks up the several sheets which make up the letter. Looking up, he pulls his glasses down on his nose and gazes over them at the audience for a moment or two before he speaks.*

NARRATOR: I've just written a letter to one of our boys over there—Johnny Smith. Private Johnny Smith—I should say, "Private First Class." Johnny was always first class with us here in Greenville, too.

Oh, I guess I should introduce myself. I'm Walt Daniels, the postmaster here. Been postmaster of Greenville 21 years now. Started before Johnny was born. I run a general store here, too. Been doin' that 30 years. Guess I know Greenville and its people 'bout as well as anyone. (*Looking down at the letter, he catches sight of something that needs correcting. He picks up his pen, draws a line through a couple of words, and writes in others. Then he looks at the change with satisfaction.*)

This isn't a letter from just me. Seems like it's from the whole town, there were so many folks in, a little before you got here, to tell me to put in this 'n' that for them. They'll be

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writin', too, now. Y' see, Johnny is sort of—everybody's boy, here in Greenville. . . .

*(He folds the letter and starts to insert it in the envelope, when a thought comes to him. He takes the letter out and unfolds it.)*

Y'know, I'd like to read this letter to you—the important parts, anyhow. Maybe, after you know a little about Johnny and us, you'd like to be in on this letter, too. Johnny'd be glad to hear from you. He's that kind of a feller. Friendly as they come.

Excuse my rambling so. Guess when a body gets to be a bit on the elderly side. . . . Anyhow, what I meant when I said Johnny was everybody's boy here, was—well, to begin with, Johnny's an orphan. Mother died when he was born—he was her first child. Father was in an accident before Johnny was a year old. Proved fatal. That was a good 20 years ago.

Johnny was brought up by Aunt Carrie—Mrs. Caroline Woods is her proper name, but to us she's been Aunt Carrie ever since little Johnny started calling her that. Lost her husband in the First World War. Left her a little property, and some gilt-edged stocks and bonds—*(Lowering his voice a little)* railroad stocks, they say—*(Resuming normally)* enough to give her a moderate income.

Johnny, right from his diaper days, was the friendliest kid imaginable—and he never changed. Was bright in school, and mechanically minded out of it. At 12 he put some junk

together and built the most remarkable scooter anybody ever saw. Fastest thing in town, barrin' automobiles. I can still remember the time *(Rubbing his thigh)* he almost ran me down. Missed by no more than the thickness of my pants. . . . On the constructive side—anyone's gate needed fixin', he was Johnny-on-the-spot. Later he graduated to lawn mowers and sewing machines and radios. And, of course, automobiles.

But the most unusual thing was, he'd never take a cent for it. At first you'd try to make him, but he'd say with that grin of his, "No, thanks; I'm just practicing. You really ought to charge me for the experience I'm getting."

Johnny graduated from high school—third in his class. During his last 2 years, he worked for me after school, in my store. Got along better with my customers than anybody else I've had, before or since. . . . *(He chuckles.)* Except once. *(He goes downstage left as he continues, and halts near the edge of the stage.)*

That was the day Mr. Covini, who has a poultry farm, came into my store for something or other he had ordered—wire, I guess. And Johnny tended to him. But supposing you see for yourself.

*(He glances off right. MR. COVINI, a short, thick-set, good-natured man with a bushy mustache enters at right. His clothes are dusty and have a scattering of chicken feathers. He takes off his hat, pulls out a big handkerchief, and wipes his face and head.*

*Then he uses his hat as a fan, vigorously. . . .* JOHNNY, 16, enters after him, and goes to left side of table, which thus serves as a store counter between them.)

JOHNNY: Hello, Mr. Covini. Having a hot time of it, aren't you?

MR. COVINI: *(Speaks with an accent)* I am baking, Johnny—like in a oven. You got dat wire ready?

JOHNNY: Sure thing, Mr. Covini. Coming right up. *(He goes upstage left, where a flat package lies on the floor in the dimness. Or he may go off left and return with it. . . . A well-dressed middle-aged MAN in a Palm Beach suit enters at right. He is fleshy, neatly shaven, aggressive.)*

MAN: This heat . . . *(To JOHNNY)* Hey, there, son—how about some service? *(He happens to brush against COVINI, who gazes up at him pleasantly.)*

MAN: *(Automatically, as he turns)* I beg your par—. *(He breaks off as he sees COVINI, and looks him up and down disdainfully.)* Why don't you watch where you're going? *(He brushes the dust off his sleeve.)*

COVINI: *(Cheerfully)* I go no place—just stand here, wait for Johnny. *(Smiling apologetically)* I'ma sorry. *(Indicating the dust and feathers on himself)* Chickens.

MAN: *(As before)* Smells like a barnyard here. . . . *(A little lower)* Dirty foreigners—you fall over them everywhere. *(JOHNNY, now near enough to overhear, flushes.)*

COVINI: *(Explaining earnestly, but without heat)* Oh, no; I no foreigner. I

American citizen, 14 years now. Ask anybody in Greenville.

JOHNNY: *(Angrily)* And he's a better American than some people born right here. When you drive along our fine highway, you might consider that Mr. Covini was one of the men who helped build it. And the safety railroad crossing at the west end of town—he helped build that. And the new high school I go to—Mr. Covini's hard work went into that, too. . . . Now—he always saved part of his wages—going without things plenty of times—till he had enough to buy himself a poultry farm. He's been part of Greenville since before I was born—and we're glad to have him!

COVINI: *(Happily)* One son in Navy—one in college. My daughter Teresa, she's a schoolteacher.

MAN: *(A little embarrassed)* All right; all right. . . . *(Off right, auto horn blows)* *(To JOHNNY, meekly)* My wife's waiting in the car. Have you any root beer—on ice?

JOHNNY: Yeh. . . . Here you are, Mr. Covini. *(He hands COVINI the package.)*

COVINI: Thank you Johnny. *(He starts towards right.)*

JOHNNY: *(Going off left)* This way, Mister. *(The MAN follows him off left.)*

NARRATOR: *(After a moment, moves a little towards center, chuckling.)* That's the only customer Johnny didn't get along with, s' far as I can remember. And you can be sure I wasn't sorry. . . . Well, when Johnny graduated from high school, he went to work for Tom Hawkins, who ran

the gas station and repair shop. It gave him a chance to play around with auto motors.

Then came Pearl Harbor. Johnny was too young for the draft in those days, but the very next morning he signed up. He was that kind of a feller. Aunt Carrie, of course, hated to see him go—we all did. But, at the same time, we were all proud of him. You should've been at the send-off we gave him. We send all our boys off properly—but there was just a little extra something in our hearts, for Johnny. . . . He trained for quite awhile, and then came word that he was somewhere in Britain. . . . Then one day—but this letter will show you what happened. *(He sets his glasses in place again, and starts to read.)*

"DEAR JOHNNY: You can't imagine what a joy and a relief it was to hear the latest news about you. But I suppose, first of all, you'll want to know what happened here before, when the bad news came. Aunt Carrie won't tell you about herself, but there's no reason why I shouldn't—and I had it all straight from young Mary Colby, who's been comin' in a couple of times a week to help Aunt Carrie clean up. *(As he reads on, he moves slowly downstage left again.)*

"Aunt Carrie, like most of us here in Greenville, had been doing all kinds of things to help win the war—the little things that mount up to so much. . . ."

*(All the way stage left now, he pauses and glances off right. . . . From right enters AUNT CARRIE, a*

*middle-aged, sweet-faced woman, her hair touched with gray.)*

CARRIE: *(Over her shoulder)* That room looks fine, Mary—don't fuss with it any more. Come in here.

*(MARY enters. She is about 14, spirited, attractive even with her hair tied up awkwardly in a kerchief on top of her head and her face spotted in one or two places with dust. She carries a duster and a long-handled brush.)*

MARY: Aunt Carrie, don't you go to make bandages at the Red Cross today?

CARRIE: *(With mock sharpness)* I haven't lost my memory yet, Mary. You tend to your own affairs and I'll tend to mine.

MARY: *(Glancing at photo)* It seems an awful long time, Aunt Carrie, since Johnny wrote you last.

CARRIE: *(Slowly)* It's so many weeks, I—I'm afraid I'm worrying. . . . *(Trying to cheer herself up)* But, after all, you can't expect a soldier's mail to be regular. He has so many things to do, and gets moved around so much.

MARY: *(Leaning on the brush handle as she gazes at photo)* He's a wonderful boy. . . . *(Dreamily)* When he comes back, I'm goin' to hook him.

CARRIE: *(Startled)* What?

MARY: I'm goin' to marry him. I can wait. I'm only 14.

CARRIE: *(Smiling to herself)* Does he know about it?

MARY: No. It'll be time enough, when he gets back. . . . 'Course he'll have to want me. *(Brightening)*

But he will. I'm turning out sort of pretty—don't you think?

CARRIE: *(Repressing a smile as she looks her over)* Well, you could say . . . sort of.

MARY: And I'm pretty capable around the house, wouldn't you say?

CARRIE: *(Good-naturedly)* When you're not standing around gabbing like a goblin. . . . I'm going off to the Red Cross, so listen to what I want you to do before you call it a day.

MARY: *(Leaning off the handle with a sigh of resignation, but still gazing at the photo)* All right, Aunt Carrie.

CARRIE: In the kitchen there are some empty tin cans I haven't flattened yet for the collection. Will you do them, please?

MARY: *(Dreamily)* Johnny's such a wonderful boy. . . . *(Quickly, turning)* Yes; of course, Aunt Carrie—the tin cans.

CARRIE: There's also a big jar of waste fats I've saved that's about full. On your way home, will you take it in to the butcher's?

MARY: Yes—a jar of fat.

CARRIE: And keep what he pays you for it.

MARY: Oh, thank you, Aunt Carrie! That means an extra War Stamp.

CARRIE: You deserve a little extra. You are quite a help, you know. *(She hurries on before MARY can reply.)* My Victory Garden—oh, I looked at it this morning. I think the rest can wait. I'd better be starting now.

MARY: I'll get your things. *(She goes off right and returns with a coat and hat. AUNT CARRIE puts the hat on.*

*Just as MARY is about to help her into the coat, the doorbell rings, off left.)*

MARY: I'll see who it is. *(Carrying the coat, she goes off left and returns excitedly with an envelope.)* A telegram for you, Aunt Carrie. Maybe it's from Johnny!

*(AUNT CARRIE takes it from her and holds it for a long moment before opening. Then she reads it.)*

CARRIE: *(Gasps)* Oh! . . . *(She stands there in grief.)*

MARY: *(Alarmed)* What is it? *(AUNT CARRIE hands her the telegram. She reads it aloud.)* "The War Department regrets to inform you . . . that Private First Class John J. Smith is . . . missing in action . . ." *(MARY stares at the message for a moment, then puts an arm around the aunt.)* Missing. . . . *(After a pause, trying to cheer her up.)* That's better than— He's probably lost somewhere—or taken prisoner, Aunt Carrie. I'm sure he'll turn up all right.

CARRIE: *(Patting her hand)* Yes. . . . Yes. . . .

MARY: Let me take your hat. Why don't you sit down for a spell? *(She leads her toward the table.)* You can let the RED CROSS go for once. *(As AUNT CARRIE stands by the table, lost in thought)* Let me have your hat, Aunt Carrie.

CARRIE: *(After a moment)* What? Oh, my hat—. *(She touches it.)* It's on all right, isn't it? *(Mary stares at her, and nods.)* My coat, Mary—I don't want to be late. *(Slowly MARY helps her into the coat.)* Thank you. MARY: But do you think you ought to—

CARRIE: (*With an undertone of sadness, but firmly*) Now, more than ever, Mary. (*She starts toward left.*)

MARY: (*Hurrying after her*) I'll go along with you.

CARRIE: (*Turning*) You'll do nothing of the sort. There's work for you here—remember?

MARY: (*Reluctantly, nodding*) The tin cans . . . the waste fat . . . (*Pretending cheerfulness*) Don't worry, Aunt Carrie—I'm sure everything will turn out all right.

(AUNT CARRIE gives her a long, grateful look, then turns and goes off. MARY gazes after her for a couple of moments, then looks at JOHNNY'S picture.)

MARY: (*Almost in tears*) Oh, Johnny . . . (*She rushes off right. . . . After a moment, the NARRATOR moves toward center.*)

NARRATOR: Yup; that's what happened when the word came. (*He resumes reading the letter aloud.*) "You can be just as proud of your Aunt Carrie, Johnny, as she is of you. She went ahead—I won't say, as if nothing had happened, but as if what had happened called for greater effort, more sacrifices from her. And believe me, her example did a lot to jog up some of the folks who needed it." (*He turns a page and pauses briefly before resuming.*) "But there were a few folks in Greenville it seemed nothing could shake—nothing short of an earthquake right in their own backyard. You remember how Mr. Mason was before the war. Thought Hitler was a joke and the Japs a bunch of

tin soldiers. Then, when Hitler took France and bombed England, he thought nothing could stop the Axis. And right after Pearl Harbor and Singapore, he said Japan couldn't defeat us; but we couldn't defeat her, either. Well, when things began to go better for us, in North Africa, in Russia; in the Solomons, you should have heard Hank Mason talk. . . ."

(*He goes to downstage left. . . . From right, Mr. MASON enters, going slowly to table.*)

MASON: It's in the bag. It's a push-over. Our boys'll be home before Christmas. (*Smiling, to NARRATOR*) You can quote me on that, Walt. (*He pulls up the chair at right to right side of table and drops into it lazily.*)

NARRATOR: (*Reading on*) "It happened that Mason was in my store yesterday, when Aunt Carrie came in with Mary. Turned out to be a pretty excitin' day for us, all around. . . . My wife was tendin' to things, while I was sortin' the mail that had just come in.

(*His WIFE, a pleasant, middle-aged woman, enters from left and goes to table.*)

WIFE: Anything you want today, Hank Mason?

MASON: Me? Oh, no, Mrs. Daniels—just killin' a little time: M' wife's gone to the city to buy herself a fancy coat—won't be back much before sundown. . . . I'm just killin' a little time.

WIFE: No one 'd ever know by your actions that there's a war on.

(*From right enter MARY and AUNT CARRIE.*)

MARY: (*Lively*) 'Lo, Mrs. Daniels; I want some War Savings Stamps—a twenty-five and two tens.

WIFE: (*Giving them to her*) Here you are, dear. (*As she takes the money*) How are you, Aunt Carrie? (*MARY takes out two Stamp books and pastes the Stamps in.*)

CARRIE: (*With an undertone of sadness, though it is not obtrusive*) Well enough, thank you. Give me another War Bond application, will you, please?

WIFE: Eighteen seventy-five?

CARRIE: Yes. . . . Hello, Mr. Mason. How's your wife?

MASON: Fine. (*AUNT CARRIE sits in chair behind table and starts to fill out the Bond application which the WIFE has handed to her.*) She's gone to the city to do some shoppin'. (*With a touch of boastfulness*) Gettin' herself a fancy coat.

CARRIE: (*Looking up*) A fancy coat? . . . Wasn't it last year she bought herself that very fancy one she has?

MASON: Yup. It's my idea. Business is good, very good, and the war looks fine—and we've been denying ourselves things a pretty long time. The way the war is going, it's all over but the shouting. I think we can afford to take things a little easier, to relax . . . think of ourselves, for a change. We've put up with a lot of inconveniences, you know.

CARRIE: (*Laying the pen down and staring at him*) We've put up with a lot of inconveniences. . . . Yes; we have, haven't we? . . . Your boy Tom is in the Navy, isn't he?

MASON: (*Proudly*) Petty officer, sec-

ond class. . . . (*With a chuckle*) I guess that's why we're wiping up the enemy so easily.

CARRIE: And you think it's time to—think of ourselves, for a change. . . .

MASON: Don't get me wrong, Aunt Carrie. 'Course I don't mean I'm not thinking of my boy, and doing my share to win the war. . . . But after all these months of rationing, and food shortages, and clothes shortages, and auto-driving restrictions, and all—and with us winning the war in a walk—I don't see why we have to be so . . . fanatical, about a little gasoline, or extra clothes, or a few dollars not going into War Bonds.

CARRIE: (*Intensely*) You don't see. . . . Is it that you don't see our boys fighting and suffering and dying, many of them, across the oceans? Is it that you don't see that now, especially, when the fighting is going well for us—that now, especially, is the time for still greater efforts? That every little thing we do without, every dime and every dollar we put into War Savings now, counts more than ever before—means so much extra equipment and protection for our boys, in these days of big battles? So much superiority in weapons? So many more lives saved . . . so many more of our men . . . (*She pauses sadly, her thoughts far away*) coming home safely?

MASON: (*Uncomfortably, with a gesture of protest*) Oh, come, now, you musn't exaggerate. Every dime and every dollar . . . (*AUNT CARRIE sadly takes up the pen and finishes making out the Bond application. The others*

remain in place, motionless, but not stiff.)

NARRATOR: (Reading) "Near the bottom of the mail pile . . . was a letter for Aunt Carrie. . . ." (He reaches one hand offstage and brings forth a letter, which he stares at a moment before continuing.) "What I saw on the envelope got me sort of excited. I signaled my wife. . . ." (He makes a summoning gesture to her. She comes to him.)

WIFE: What is it, dear?

(Silently he shows her the envelope, hands it to her, and nods towards AUNT CARRIE. The WIFE starts toward her with the letter, but pauses as MRS. MASON, pale and with the mark of recent tears on her cheeks, enters from right, carrying a newspaper.)

MASON: (Jokingly) What, no coat, Hannah?, (Alarmed, rising) What's the matter, dear? What is it?

MRS. MASON: (Miserably) Oh, Hank—. (She hands him the newspaper.)

MASON: (All eyes are on him as he holds it up and reads the headlines.) "Six Jap Warships Sunk, 3 Damaged, in Pacific Battle." (He starts to smile but sees something else and reads on solemnly.) "U. S. Suffers Loss of One Destroyer, Two Damaged." (Pause) "U. S. S. Washington Sunk. . . ." (MASON gasps.) "At Least Half of Crew Believed Safe. . . ." (He stares at his wife, then at the others.) Tom—our Tom was on the Washington! (Suddenly he starts to read the body of the story to himself.)

MRS. MASON: There's no list of the sur-

vivors yet. We shan't know for days. . . .

WIFE: (Going to her) Better sit down, Mrs. Mason. (She helps her into the chair MASON had occupied. MASON looks up from the newspaper account, silent, dazed.)

CARRIE: There's a good chance he was saved. You must keep up your courage.

MASON: Yes. . . . (To his wife) Yes, Hannah—at least half the crew were rescued. There's at least an even chance.

MRS. MASON: (Taking his hand, hopefully) Yes. . . . There is. . . . (Her lips move silently, as if in prayer.)

WIFE: (After a moment, remembering) Oh—Aunt Carrie, there's a letter for you. (She hands it over.)

CARRIE: Thank you. (She looks at the envelope, and gives a start.) It's from the Red Cross—the International Red Cross! (She holds it motionless for a moment, then tears it open and reads the message. MARY watches her breathlessly.) No! (Happily) It can't be—! (All look at her.) It says Johnny—Johnny's alive and well—in a German prison camp! Johnny's a prisoner of war! (There is a pause as the news sinks in.)

MARY: (Tearful with happiness) Oh, I'm so glad—! (She can't keep back the tears, and turns away, wiping her eyes.)

WIFE: That's wonderful news!

MRS. MASON: (More quietly, after a moment) I'm glad for you, Aunt Carrie.

CARRIE: You—you mustn't give up hope, Hannah. (To MARY) We didn't, did we? (MARY nods, smiling now.)

MRS. MASON: Your Johnny . . . and my Tom—they were both fighting . . . for all of us—

MASON: (Embarrassed at first) Aunt Carrie, I—I'm glad—and I bet you're glad—you never did let up in your war activities, even after your Johnny was missing. . . . It shouldn't have taken this personal suffering to make me realize I ought to have been doing the same all along: every possible ounce of energy into my work, every possible bit of ingenuity into my managing, every dime and every dollar I could possibly spare into War Bonds—as long as the war lasts. . . . You knew better than anyone else in Greenville, I guess, how every little bit counts—

CARRIE: I've worked and I've saved—and I'll go on doing all I can—now

more than ever. But believe me, friends, it's not for Johnny alone, although Johnny's the dearest thing on earth to me. I'll do all I can, because I want to see the war won in the quickest possible time, at the smallest possible cost in lives and suffering. . . . Because I want every mother's son to have the best possible chance of coming through and coming back, to help build a better America in a better world.

NARRATOR: (After a pause, reading) "That's your Aunt Carrie, Private Smith. And she's got all Greenville back of her now. So you can be sure we'll see you—and all our boys—through . . . all the way to the victorious and happy finish." (He looks up, turns to the others; they all look at the audience) We will, won't we?

THE END

## Vacation: Limited\*

By WALTER HACKETT  
For Junior and Senior High Schools  
Characters

TED GODDARD, 15 years old.  
JOHNNY RYAN, 15 years old.  
WOMAN BOND SELLER.  
NEWS-STAND OPERATOR.  
TICKET SELLER.  
SLEEPING MARINE, a young man.  
THE OLD LADY.  
PETER KANELOS, 15 years old.  
THE SAILOR, early 20's.  
BUS DRIVER.  
TWO SAILORS, A SOLDIER, MARINE SERGEANT, MORE SAILORS AND SOLDIERS, MIDDLE AGED CIVILIAN, MAN AND WOMAN, A YOUNG BOY AND GIRL, ARMY NURSE AND ARMY OFFICER.  
TIME: Late at night.  
SETTING: The waiting room of a bus terminal in a small city.  
AT RISE: Downstage left, the NEWS-STAND OPERATOR is seated behind the counter reading a magazine. The TICKET SELLER is standing behind his open counter, downstage right, figuring receipts on a piece of adding machine paper. After a while, he shakes his head and turns to the adding machine and starts in tabulating from a stack of papers. Upstage right, a MARINE is sprawled out asleep on a small leather settee. Upstage

left is the WOMAN BOND SELLER. She is staring at nothing in particular. Suddenly the street door, at the center, opens and the OLD LADY enters. She looks around hesitantly and then goes over to the TICKET SELLER.

OLD LADY: Excuse me. (TICKET SELLER goes on figuring totals on adding machine.)

TICKET SELLER: (Without looking up) Yes, ma'am?

OLD LADY: Will the 40:30 from Waterside be on time?

TICKET SELLER: Fifteen minutes late.

OLD LADY: I guess I'll have a little wait. I'm waiting for my grandson. He's in the Coast Guard. He'll be on that bus. He phoned me yesterday afternoon that he was getting a pass, and that he was coming to see me. (Proudly) I brought him up. (The TICKET SELLER looks up from his work in exasperated fashion. He then stops stopping the machine.)

TICKET SELLER: Lady, you made me make a mistake. Now I'll have to start all over again.

OLD LADY: I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean to bother you. But you see, I haven't seen my grandson in over 3 months. I'm so excited, I just have

to talk to someone. I live all alone now since my grandson went into the Coast Guard.

TICKET SELLER: Sure! I understand, ma'am. Sorry I was short with you, but I've been on the job since 7 this morning.

OLD LADY: Then you're not to blame. I won't bother you any more. Thank you for your information.

(She goes downstage and sits in the first seat of the first row of chairs. She opens her bag and takes out some knitting and starts in knitting. There is a pause, and then the double door on the right leading to the bus platform swings open. PETER KANELOS staggers in under a load of newspapers and magazines. He carries them across to the news-stand and dumps them on the counter.)

PETER: There you are, Mr. Jenkins. Late edition, and the new magazines.

(JENKINS, the news-stand operator, climbs off the stool and grabs hold of the bundle.)

JENKINS: Thankee, Pete. Aren't you workin' late tonight?

PETER: Oh, no. It's just Monday through Thursday that I quit at 9. Weekends I work all night.

JENKINS: (Untying the bundle.) That's right, too. Forgot about that. (He starts to place the magazines and newspapers on the stand. Following this, he resumes seat and starts in reading again.)

PETER: Well, I'll see you later. (He starts to cross toward the right door. As he does he calls out to the BOND SELLER.) How are the sales going, Miss?

BOND SELLER: Not too good tonight. May do some business when the late busses come in.

PETER: Monday's pay day. I'll see you then. (He exits.) (TED GODDARD and JOHNNY RYAN enter from the center street door. The former glances at the wall clock.)

TED: Told you we had plenty of time. Almost a half hour to wait now.

JOHNNY: So what of it. No need to wait till the last minute and then tear down here.

TED: Well, let's grab a seat. (They cross to left and sit in chairs, after dropping the bags each has been carrying.)

JOHNNY: What about tickets? Think we should get them now?

TED: We've got plenty of time. Let's get our breath first.

JOHNNY: Want a bottle of pop?

TED: Nope.

(JOHNNY rises and goes downstage toward the news-stand. As he passes the Bond booth, the BOND SELLER looks up.)

JOHNNY: (Shaking his head, as though forestalling her.) Sorry, Miss, but I haven't any extra money. (He stops at the news-stand) A bottle of grape. (He drops nickel on counter. JENKINS takes bottle from cooler. Takes cap off and hands it to JOHNNY. He then rings up coin in cash register. JOHNNY, drinking from the bottle, returns to TED and sits down.)

JOHNNY: What are you thinking about?

TED: Just about our vacation.  
JOHNNY: Four days of fun. I certainly have been looking forward to this. You know, Ted, every hour we worked

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this summer, I kept repeating over and over to myself: 35 cents an hour, 35 cents an hour . . . 35 cents toward my vacation. It was tough work running all those errands, but it was worth it. *(He sighs contentedly and then takes a long swig.)*

TED: You and your errand boy job. *(He extends his hands.)* Look at those hands. I still have callouses from that crop-picking job of mine. That was work! Too bad we couldn't have taken our trip the end of summer, 'stead of waiting till fall.

JOHNNY: Never mind—Mount Pleasant is swell this time of year. Just wait 'till we get our hiking clothes on and start climbing that old mountain.

TED: You know something that bothers me, Johnny?

JOHNNY: What's that?

TED: Don't you think we could find a room at some farm, instead of taking a room at that what's-its-name place?

JOHNNY: You mean Mountain Inn? No. I don't think so. After all it isn't as if we didn't have the money to spend. We worked hard for our vacation money, so I say let's spend it on the best.

TED: *(Dubiously)* It's all right with me.

JOHNNY: Knew I had something to show you. *(He reaches into pocket and pulls out a travel folder.)* Here's a pamphlet the Inn sent me. Came this morning. *(Pointing to cover)* See. This is the Inn.

TED: *(Looking over JOHNNY's shoulder)* Say—that sure is pretty swell.

JOHNNY: You haven't seen anything yet. *(He turns a page.)* This here's the lake in front of the Inn. *(The two*

*of them carry on a silent conversation, occasionally turning a page.)*  
*(A SAILOR enters from center and goes down to TICKET SELLER.)*

SAILOR: One way to Waterside. How much?

TICKET SELLER: That'll cost you one eighty-five. *(He stamps ticket, and hands it to sailor who counts out money.)*

SAILOR: How 'bout that Waterside bus? What time does she pull out?

TICKET SELLER: She's due to pull out at 10:45, but she's late coming in. That means she'll be late leaving.

SAILOR: Look, I'm due back at the station at 6 tomorrow. Any chance of my not making it?

TICKET SELLER: You'll be O. K. Instead of getting into Waterside at 3 tomorrow morning, you'll pull in at 3:30.

SAILOR: *(Relieved, he sticks ticket into billfold.)* Wow! You certainly took a load off my mind. Thanks.

TICKET SELLER: Don't mention it. *(He ducks under counter and exits out the door leading to bus platform. SAILOR saunters over and drops in chair next to the OLD LADY. After a minute, she taps him on the shoulder.)*

OLD LADY: Did I hear you say you were going to Waterside?

SAILOR: You sure did, ma'am.

OLD LADY: Are you in the Coast Guard?

SAILOR: Me? I should say not. I'm strictly U. S. N., ma'am. *(Adding quickly)* Not that there's anything wrong with the Coast Guard. They're a good outfit.

OLD LADY: I'm glad to hear you say that.

SAILOR: Only I'm partial to the Navy.

OLD LADY: My grandson's in the Coast Guard. I heard you say you were going to Waterside. I thought you might know him.

SAILOR: I haven't been stationed there long enough to know anyone but the fellows in my class. *(Proudly)* I'm in the radar school at Waterside.

OLD LADY: Radar?

SAILOR: Yes ma'am. Radio, you know.

OLD LADY: *(Nodding, but still not comprehending, she looks at his service bars)* I see by those *(Nodding at bars)* that you've seen service.

SAILOR: Guess I have. Been in service 2 years. *(Reflectively)* Yup, from Pearl Harbor on. *(At word "Pearl Harbor" JOHNNY and TED look up and start to listen intently.)*

OLD LADY: Were you at Pearl Harbor? *(There is a pause. The sailor nods.)* My grandson tried to enlist the day after Pearl Harbor, but he was too young. He had to wait 14 months before he was old enough to enlist.

SAILOR: *(Laughs)* He should have picked the Navy.

OLD LADY: Oh, he likes the Coast Guard. Er, were you in any battles?

SAILOR: Reckon I was—Bougainville, Coral Sea, and a few others. *(Quickly)* Do you mind if I don't talk about it ma'am?

OLD LADY: No. Indeed not. Is this radar work interesting?

SAILOR: It sure is. I was pretty lucky to be picked for it. You know, ma'am, it costs Uncle Sam a pile of dough to send a guy like me through radar school. In fact, what it adds up to

would support a fair-sized family for a year.

OLD LADY: Sometimes I wonder where all the money comes from.

SAILOR: You're sort of getting over my head. I don't know much about finances and that sort of stuff. *(His gaze wanders around the room.)* Reckon the money comes from, well—*(His eye hits upon the Bond booth)* well, it comes from *(Pointing)* places like that—from Bonds and War Stamps.

OLD LADY: I guess most of it does. A pity more people don't put more into Bonds. I don't have much of an income, but every so often I take some of my savings and go down to the bank and buy one.

SAILOR: I don't get an admiral's pay, but I manage to get one once in a while too. I have so much taken-out of my pay every month.

OLD LADY: *(Fumbling in purse, and finally bringing out some change)* Would you mind going over there and buying me a dollar's worth of Stamps?

SAILOR: Sure thing. *(He takes money and goes over to Bond booth.)*

SAILOR: *(To BOND SELLER)* Any Bonds—I mean. Stamps today lady?

BOND SELLER: There certainly are.

SAILOR: A dollar's worth for the lady in the corner and the same prescription for me. *(He brings a dollar's worth of change from his pocket. As the girl tears off the Stamps, he continues.)*

SAILOR: How's business?

BOND SELLER: Been pretty slow tonight.

SAILOR: Shouldn't think you'd do any business as late as this.

BOND SELLER: You'd be surprised. Sometimes we do our best business at night. I'm supposed to go home at 10, but I like to wait around in order to get the traffic from the last two busses. *(She hands Stamps to SAILOR.)* There you are . . . and thank you.

SAILOR: Nothing to thank. I only wish I had more than a buck to hand over to you. How long have you been doing this?

BOND SELLER: For over a year. I come here three nights a week.

SAILOR: Doesn't give you much chance to yourself—that's if you work during the daytime, I mean.

BOND SELLER: Oh, yes, I work 6 days a week over at the airplane factory. This night work is just a little something I'm adding to Uncle Sam's score.

SAILOR: A little bit? I call it quite a bit. Well, see you again.

BOND SELLER: I hope so. *(SAILOR crosses to news-stand. He puts pennies on counter and picks up paper. He then goes downstage toward his chair. As he does he encounters gaze of JOHNNY and TED.)*

SAILOR: Hi yah, fellows.

JOHNNY and TED: Hi.

SAILOR: *(Looking at their bags)* Just signed up and headed for boot training, I'll bet.

JOHNNY: No. We're too young. We're only 15.

SAILOR: *(Pausing)* You're both pretty big for your age. That's why I thought maybe you were on your way to Waterside.

TED: We're waiting for the Mount Pleasant bus.

JOHNNY: You see we're going on a vacation.

SAILOR: Vacation?

TED: Yeah—vacation.

SAILOR: I didn't know folks took them any more.

TED: *(Hesitantly)* I \* \* \* I guess, maybe, not many people do.

JOHNNY: But it's only a 4-day vacation. We worked this summer and earned the money. *(A bit uneasily)* Ted, here, worked on a farm, and I was a messenger in a store. Sometimes we worked 9 or 10 hours a day.

SAILOR: At the Coral Sea shindig some of my buddies were on 24-hour duty 4 or 5 days in a row.

TED: You mean they didn't go to bed during all that time?

SAILOR: That's right.

JOHNNY: *(Eagerly)* Say, I heard you tell that lady that you were at Pearl Harbor. That really must have been something. Was it pretty bad? *(The sailor stares at him fixedly, without answering.)* 'Scuse me. I didn't mean to be nosey.

SAILOR: *(Quietly)* That's O. K., kid. It's just that I don't like to talk about it.

TED: What about what you said it costing the Government such a lot of money to send you through radar school?

SAILOR: There's nothing to say, except radar is highly specialized work, and the training course is like taking an engineering course at college. Well, I'll see you two in the Navy one of these days.

JOHNNY: You may see Ted there, but not me.

SAILOR: How's that?

JOHNNY: It's the Marines for me when I'm old enough.

SAILOR: *(Laughs)* They're a pretty good outfit, too. Well, have a good time on your vacation, you lucky guys. *(He goes over to his chair by the Old Lady and starts to read his newspaper.)*

TED: *(Pointing at travel folder JOHNNY is holding)* Maybe you'd better put that away, huh? *(JOHNNY hastily stuffs it into his pocket. TED yawns a bit and closes his eyes, dozing a bit. JOHNNY stares at the floor. The door leading to the bus platform swings open and the TICKET SELLER and PETER KANELOS enter. The SELLER reaches over the ticket counter and picks up his hat and coat. He starts putting them on.)*

TICKET SELLER: Sure you can handle everything all right, Pete.

PETER: You bet. I've done it before, you know.

TICKET SELLER: That's right, too. Well, I won't be long. Just got to get some hot food into me. The Waterside's due in any minute. *(Hands a key to PETER)* Here's the key to the cash drawer. *(He exits.)* *(PETER takes the key and enters the counter. He unlocks the cash drawer and then starts to sort out a bunch of tickets.)*

OLD LADY: *(To the SAILOR)* Won't be long now. My grandson'll be home.

SAILOR: That ought to make you happy.

OLD LADY: It does. *(She sighs contentedly and resumes her knitting.)*

*(At this point, JOHNNY takes a look at the wall clock, then shakes TED.)*

JOHNNY: Ted, Ted. What do you say? The Mount Pleasant bus is due pretty soon: We ought to get our tickets and get outside? *(TED blinks, rubs his eyes. Then the pair rise carrying their bags and cross to the ticket counter.)*

JOHNNY: *(To PETER, but not recognizing him, because PETER has his head bent over his work.)* We want two round-trip tickets to Mount Pleasant.

PETER: *(Mechanically)* Two to Mount Pleasant. That'll be—*(He looks up and recognizes JOHNNY and TED.)* Hi, Johnny; hi, Ted.

JOHNNY: Hey, Ted. Look who's here? *(He turns again to PETER.)* What are you doing here, Pete Kaneleos?

PETER: At present I'm selling tickets.

TED: I didn't know you worked here.

PETER: I've been working here since last June. Of course when school's going, I only work here part-time.

TED: Aren't you working pretty late?

PETER: No. Weekends I work all night, and the same during vacation.

TED: Boy! You sure are ambitious.

PETER: Well, this is war, you know. Someone's got to fill in.

JOHNNY: What else do you do besides sell tickets?

PETER: Oh, I keep the waiting room clean. I check baggage, run errands. A little bit of everything.

TED: *(Ribbing him)* What do you do with all your money?

PETER: I turn part of it over to my folks for board, and the rest I put into Bonds.



TED: From the way you work, I guess you don't have much chance to spend it.

PETER: Hardly any. Here's the way I look at it: My father came from the old country. He hasn't any education; he's worked hard all his life. He wants me to get an education.

JOHNNY: I don't follow you. *(The sound of a bus is heard off in the distance. It comes in stronger.)*

PETER: It's simple enough. I want to be a doctor. My father is going to help me through school, but when I get out of med school, I'll be on my own. By that time, my Bonds'll have just about matured. That means I'll have enough money to help set up my office.

TED: That sounds like a pretty good idea.

PETER: But all that's beside the point, as they say. We're at war. It takes money to win a war. The way I see it, everyone ought to put every cent he can into War Bonds. *(He sighs and then grins.)* Now I'll get off the soap box. *(Briskly)* Let's see—you wanted tickets to where?

JOHNNY: Two round-trips to Mount Pleasant.

PETER: Taking a vacation? *(Bus sound in strong and noise of coming to stop.)*

JOHNNY: That's right; and what about it?

PETER: Don't get mad, Johnny. I only asked you a question.

JOHNNY: Maybe you're sore because you aren't going along?

PETER: Me sore? Not in the least, Johnny.

TED: Pete didn't mean anything by it, Johnny. *(He hands some money to JOHNNY.)* Here, get mine, too. *(JOHNNY fumbles in wallet. As he does, PETER glances out of window.)*

PETER: Hold it will you, fellows. The Waterside bus just pulled in. *(He calls out)* Waterside bus . . . just in. Leaves in ten minutes. Waterside bus. *(As he finishes two SAILORS and a SOLDIER burst through the street door. They appear out of breath. They cross to PETER.)*

SOLDIER: Waterside bus left?  
PETER: Leaves in ten minutes. Was fifteen minutes late.

SOLDIER: Wow! We're in luck. Come on, fellows. *(The SOLDIER and two SAILORS start to exit through bus door leading to bus.)*

PETER: Hey! How about tickets?  
SOLDIER: We've got them. *(They exit.)* *(The OLD LADY and the SAILOR rise and cross toward the door. The SAILOR turns to the OLD LADY.)*

SAILOR: Good night, ma'am. Guess I've got to shove off.

OLD LADY: *(Excitedly)* Good night, my boy. Oh, dear! I'm so excited. Just think in another few seconds my grandson will be coming through that door.

SAILOR: *(He pats her on shoulder)* I'll bet you'll be glad to see him, too. *(He starts to exit. As he does, he calls back to TED and JOHNNY.)* Don't sleep too much on your vacation, kids. Time's a-wasting. *(He exits.)* *(The door swings open to admit a MARINE SERGEANT, and a sprinkling of SAILORS and SOLDIERS. They keep right on going toward the*

*street entrance. The OLD LADY carefully looks them over. As the door leading to the bus swings open again, she looks around. It is a MIDDLE AGED CIVILIAN. He goes to the news stand and buys a paper, and then exits.)*

OLD LADY: That's funny!

PETER: You talking to me, ma'am? *(She doesn't answer. The door swings open again to admit a BUS DRIVER.)*

DRIVER: *(To PETER)* Hi, Pete. How goes it?

PETER: Not bad. How was the driving?

DRIVER: Ran into fog. Sort of slowed me down. Well, I guess I'll grab a bite and then get some shut-eye. See you.

OLD LADY: *(She approaches the DRIVER.)* Excuse me, but are you the driver of the Waterside bus?

DRIVER: *(He tips his hat.)* That's right.

OLD LADY: Is every one off the bus?

DRIVER: Yes, lady. It was a pretty light load.

OLD LADY: You're sure every one is off?

DRIVER: Positive.

OLD LADY: And there wasn't a young man on it? A Coast Guardsman. One with red hair, about 19.

DRIVER: No, lady. You were waiting for some one?

OLD LADY: *(She nods)* My grandson. *(The DRIVER hesitates, then exits through street door.)*

OLD LADY: *(To herself)* That's strange. It isn't like him. *(The phone at the ticket counter rings. As PETER picks*

*it up, the OLD LADY slowly walks toward the street exit.)*

PETER: *(Into phone)* Bus terminal. Yup. Wait and I'll find out. *(He puts phone down and calls out.)* Excuse me lady. Lady. *(She pauses and turns around.)* Are you Mrs. Martha Seaver?

OLD LADY: *(Crossing down toward PETER)* Y-yes, I am.

PETER: Telegram on the phone for you. *(She hurries to ticket counter)* I—Is something wrong? You take it. I'm too excited.

PETER: *(Picks up phone and speaks into it)* Yes, she's here. I said she's here. She wants me to take the message. *(He takes pencil)* O. K. Let's have it. *(He writes on paper)* All right. I have it. Right. *(He puts phone down and starts to hand the written message to the OLD LADY.)*

OLD LADY: No. You read it, son. I haven't my glasses.

PETER: *(He reads from paper)* "Impossible to make it. Will write soon as possible—Love, Frankie." *(The OLD LADY just stands there.)*

PETER: Excuse me, ma'am, but did you understand the message.

OLD LADY: *(Dazed)* Impossible to . . . make it. Will write . . . soon as . . . possible—Love . . . Frankie. *(She nods.)* I guess I understand. Thank you. *(She starts to exit. At the door, she turns. By this time the BOND SELLER and all the rest, excepting the sleeping MARINE, are listening.)* You know, I had made a nice apple pie for him—his favorite dessert. *(She exits.)*

JOHNNY: *(He turns toward PETER.)* Why didn't he show up?

PETER: Chances are ten to one he got his orders.

JOHNNY: You mean he's—?

PETER: He's probably sailing tonight.

You know that isn't the first old lady that's waited for someone; and it isn't the first telegram like that I've taken over the phone.

TED: Gee! And she didn't even cry.

PETER: No. But how she must feel inside. *(The sound of a bus is heard coming in from a distance.)*

TED: I'll never forget the look on her face. It was just as though she was in a—daze.

PETER: Here comes the Mount Pleasant bus. Better get ready. It just waits to change drivers and then goes right out. You've got a long ride ahead of you.

*(At this the SLEEPING MARINE stretches and sits up on the settee. He yawns and gets to his feet and then crosses to the ticket counter.)*

MARINE: *(To PETER)* Got a wire for me? Taft's the name—Henry Taft.

PETER: *(Looking around the counter)* Don't see anything. Were you expecting one to be sent here?

MARINE: Yeah. I used up the last of my money to wire my folks at Mount Pleasant that I needed some money to get home on.

PETER: Are you sure they got it?

MARINE: Maybe not. *(He pauses.)*

This is Saturday, isn't it?

PETER: That's right.

MARINE: They probably have gone over to my married sister's for the weekend. She lives around 12 miles from Mount Pleasant, in the next town. Guess I just plain wasted my money.

TED: What'll you do now?

MARINE: I wish I knew. If I could get word to them, I could have them wire me the money. But even so, my pass is only good for so many hours. If I don't get this last bus out, I may as well start to head back to camp. *(Shrugs)* Oh, well! *(He goes back to the settee and slouches down. By this time the second bus has come in. A MAN, a WOMAN, a YOUNG BOY and GIRL, an ARMY NURSE and ARMY OFFICER come through the swinging doors and head for the street exit. The BOND SELLER starts to clean up her booth, picking up pamphlets and putting them into a booth drawer. TED and JOHNNY move aside and start to whisper. TED shakes his head in decided fashion.)*

TED: But it isn't a question of a good time. It's the idea of doing the right thing. Come on, Johnny, own up. You know you'd have a funny feeling every minute of the 4 days.

JOHNNY: Guess you're right. A lot of people are giving up more important things.

PETER: Hey, fellows, how about your tickets? You'll miss your bus.

TED: *(To PETER)* Don't worry about that.

JOHNNY: You got a nickel? *(TED fishes in his pocket and hands him one.)*

JOHNNY goes to pay phone by the wall in back of the bond booth. He drops nickel in and dials.)

JOHNNY: Hello . . . Hello. This you, dad? This is Johnny. That's right. Look—Ted and I aren't going on our vacation. I know, but we just decided not to go. I'll be home in a few minutes. Bye. *(He hangs up)*

receiver. As he does, Ted both bags in hand, crosses over to him. By this time the BOND SELLER has her hat and coat on.)

TED: Will my folks be surprised.

JOHNNY: You know it's funny how it hit us both together.

TED: That's right. *(Nods toward Bond booth.)* What do you say?

JOHNNY: This one's as good as the next.

TED: Excuse me, lady, but are we too late. *(The BOND SELLER, now outside the booth, pauses.)* Can you sell a couple of fellows two \$25 Bonds?

BOND SELLER: I certainly can. *(She places steel box she is carrying down on counter, unlocks it and takes out two Bonds. She takes a pen out of her bag.)* What name shall I make it out to?

TED: To me: Theodore L. Goddard. 43 Elm Street. *(As the BOND SELLER writes, TED takes a roll of bills from his pocket. JOHNNY standing next to him does the same. JOHNNY starts to figure on his fingers, then, nodding approval, he rushes over to PETER.)*

JOHNNY: Look, has that Mount Pleasant bus left yet?

PETER: *(After glancing out of the window)* No, but any minute.

JOHNNY: How much is a ticket to Mount Pleasant—round trip?

PETER: Two eighty seven. But. I thought—

JOHNNY: *(Hastily counting out the money and placing it on the counter)* Let me have one. Hurry.

TED: *(Who has taken it in)* Hey, what are you doing?

JOHNNY: Buying a ticket. And don't worry. I have just about enough to buy a Bond. *(He takes the ticket and runs up to the MARINE.)* Here, Marine. Take it. You've just got time to get the last bus home. *(He shoves the ticket into the MARINE's hand. The MARINE looks bewildered. First he stares at JOHNNY and then at the ticket.)*

JOHNNY: The money this cost is over and above what I need for the Bond. I was going to use the difference to get some War Stamps, but I changed my mind. I guess Uncle Sam won't mind my helping out a marine instead. I know you don't get all this, but it's O. K. Maybe you can help me out some day. It's the Marine Corps for me as soon as I'm old enough. Hurry up, or you'll miss your bus. *(The MARINE runs for the door and exits. JOHNNY crosses to the Bond booth and puts his money on the counter.)*

PETER: *(Calls out to TED and JOHNNY.)* You fellows are all right after all. When you had your minds set on a vacation, I guess it wasn't easy to give it up. And that was a swell thing you did, Johnny—helping that Marine to get home and see his folks.

*(During this JOHNNY has been frantically searching through his clothes.)*

TED: What's the matter with you?

JOHNNY: Can you beat it. I haven't a penny left. Now I'll have to walk home. *(He shrugs.)* It's only 3 miles.

THE END

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